THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH LYCEUM.

Interesting Proceedings at Columbia Hall Last Monday Evening.

Eloquent Addresses By President Dillon and Messrs. Keating, Holden and Henely.

We regret that owing to pressure of matter we are unable to insert a fuller report of the proceedings of the Lyceum meeting on Monday, Dec. 10, and confine ourselves to stating that after the excellent programme of musical and elocutionary selections had been ended Mr. William Dillon read his inaugural address, which proved an ably written and interesting paper. Mr. Dillon referred to Mr. Wilson's speech, of recent date, in London, when that gentleman expressed a doubt as to the permanency of the Republic and on this point hinged the debate which followed the close of the address. The Lyceum must be congratulated on its choice of president. The position, career and scholarship of Mr. Dillon befits him in the most pronounced manner as a conservative guide and an interested tutor in the ranks of the members of the Lyceum. The appreciation of his efforts was shown at the close of addresses by the members in enthusiastic applause. The debate which followed was opened by J. T. Keating, state president of the A.O.H., who drew attention to the points of debate in the address and urged a discussion of the same by those present. Mr. Keating was followed by P. F. Holden, who spoke as follows:

The subject under discussion is, perhaps, the most fitting that could be selected for the Irish-American Lyceum. It is to me, Mr. President, a very fascinating subject. Believing thoroughly in free institutions and the Republican form of government, I rejoice at the opportunity this gives our infant organization of expressing its unswerving allegiance to the glorious Constitution of the United States, its devotion to the principle of universal liberty, and its desire for an application of the same doctrines to our old afflicted country. Mr. Wilson has received nothing more than he really deserves in what has been said tonight of his cowardly slander on the American people. We must admit, however, that in going to England to declare that we are doubting the stability of the Republican system of government, he at least gave evidence of remarkable prudence. In the most remote corner of this vast country, before the most insignificant and ignorant audience that could be selected from its millions of citizens, neither Mr. Wilson nor his brother Anglo-maniac, Bayard, would dare make such an assertion. England hates republicanism. It is her interest to do so. As the world grows wiser and better, popular institutions will multiply, slavery will disappear and perfidious Albion be compelled to relinquish her robber-hold on the weak spots of the Empire. Her only hope rests in the continuance of the worn out monarchial system. The same spirit that prompted the London *Times*, about thirty years ago, to exclaim, "If royalty did not exist we would be forced to create it," still animates English antagonism to popular rule, and it is true that there are still men in England before whose visions, as the French writer, De Gasparin, expresses it, "The united kingdoms of England, Ireland and America, appears to have mirrored itself."

Speaking to the Agricultural Society of Hertford county, about the time of our Civil War, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton declared that, "His young hearers would live long enough to see not only two, but at least four independent Republics sprung from the United States." The wish was clearly father to the thought. As long as we were weak and tottering England patronized America, but when we felt that we were full-grown, and insisted that "Erope, not England, was the mother country of America," our destruction and humiliation became her ambition. It is well, Mr. President, that outside countries should know that this Republic is no longer in a state of pupiage, and that pretensions of preponderance cannot be tolerated.

It is no argument worth talking about to point to the early Republics of Greece and Rome as illustrative of the instability of the whole system. The world has not yet learned the lesson of Republicanism, and as every beginning is difficult it is not to be wondered at that the early Republics were shortlived. But if they were shortlived they were glorious. Ancient history tells us that the Constitution of Solon, vesting the government in "a general assembly of the people," laid the foundation of Athens' future greatness. Later, when the tyrant Hippias had been expelled from the city, we find the Athenians flourishing under the Democratic administration of Clisthenes. In the History of Rome, what portion of it tells a more beautiful legend than that of the First Republic, picturing Cincinnatus being called from the plow to serve his consul and dictator, and having freed Rome from danger, returning again to his humble avocations? Republicanism elevates the individual as well as the nation. You have referred, Mr. President, to France, and, beautiful France, since she robed herself in Republican garb, is every day becoming more beautiful and powerful. The danger you have spoken of as to France returning to monarchy, when she secures another Napoleon to match her against Germany, it is not a real danger. The glamour of a one man greatness is fast dying out, for while a country may boast a great general, a wise king, or a successful statesman, and stake its fortunes on one personal genius, there is for the rising generation, and, I believe, for the present generation, as well, a charm that will last forever in the system that makes every citizen a king in his own sphere, free to do as he pleases in the management of his country, and responsible for his vote only to God and his own conscience. What we want to perfect our Republicanism is a sprinkling of the heroism of old, more chivalry, more honor and more self-sacrifice. When every man becomes a lover of his country, and a soldier for her sake, fighting for honor rather than gain, there will be little danger of paucity of leaders in the hour of trouble.

It behooves us Irishmen and Irish-Americans to make our voices clearly heard on the subject of Monarchy versus Republicanism. To many of us the hope of living to assist in the establishment of an Irish Republic amounts almost to a passion, and I am confident that I speak the sentiments of the young men of our race when I say that to this end we devote all our energies, all the talent that an Allwise Providence has given us, and all the years that He may have decreed for us.

Mr. Holden's address was greeted with applause. He was succeeded by Mr. Lawrence Henely, who spoke in a manner peculiar to himself, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: As to the question, Are republican forms of government likely to last or are they like the the republics of the past likely to fall to ruin; our grand and glorious American republic will in my judgment continue to exist as long as the human race, and continue to shed the benign blessings of liberty to all mankind until the end of time. For in the first place our republic is geographically located in a different position from all the ancient republics, not being joined to or connected geographically with any form of monarchical government. It seems to have been the design of Providence when opening up the Western Hemisphere to the view of civilized man, that across the waters of the Atlantic Ocean no form of monarchy should come; therefore we have no near neighbors on either side who are endeavoring to strengthen their own imperial, aristocratic or monarchical forms of government by striving to make a monarchy or an empire of ours.

The fathers of our form of government, the framers of our Constitution, saw in man a being descended from the Almighty Creator of the universe, and created by him for intercourse with himself, and endowed at birth with the rights of liberty equally belonging to all mankind, and with this idea of man's equality before them they made our Constitution or contract of government by giving to our government in its executive and legislative departments only such rights, powers and privileges as were necessary for the continued existence and stability of the republic, and left to our citizens, the people, every other and all other rights and privileges with which they had been endowed by their Creator, and as a natural consequence we have for over a century given to the world the best and freest form of government ever known to man. It has been said that after our late Civil war the people of this country exhibited a love for an absolute form of government by the election of Gen. Grant to the presidency, and the desire on the part of many to elect him to a third term; and it is said if that were done there would be but a step to the increasing of the term of office to eight years, then to fifty, then for life, and so then our republic would be gone. Yes, Mr. President, if these things had happened, or might happen, then our republic would be in danger, but George Washington set an example in that direction that no man dare ignore—one which the people of the United States will never permit to be broken.

The rapidly acquired and extensive fortunes existing in the hands of a few men; the gigantic trusts formed, and sometimes seemingly upheld by law, these things seem to have in them grave dangers in the minds of some for the safety of our republican institutions, but they are permitted by the spirit of our laws, which guarantees to every man the full and complete right to do whatsoever he wills without let or hindrance from any other man. When these abuses shall have reached the place where they become a license, not a liberty; when from their own growth and aggrandisement they show themselves in their true light as leading to the centralizatian of power and wealth, then the brave, free, independent and omnipotent spirit of our American people will awake and crush them to the earth. It seems to me that as we have furnished an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, and have extended a hearty and generous welcome to the people of the old world who desired to make their homes with us in the rays of the sunshine of liberty and manly independence; that as the people of almost every nation of the earth have come to our shores and become a part of our cosmopolitan people they have strengthened our nation and have learned the lessons of freedom, and are instilling those lessons in their posterity until finally in the dispensations of Divine Providence we beget a desire for freedom and republican institutions among the peoples of the Old World, and as the Irish-American portion of our people are now, and have always been, among the foremost in defense and praise of our free institutions, both in times of peace and war, may it not be hoped that through them may be established one of the first free and independent republics on the green hills and in the beautiful and fertile valleys of their native land the emerald gem of the ocean, Ireland, and thus extended throughout the whole of Europe till all the civilized nations of the earth may have adopted the idea of equal human rights and give to the world the ultimatum of human perfection, a government for the people and by the people. (Applause.)

The proceedings then terminated.

ROMANTIC ESCAPES.

How John Boyle O'Reilly Got Through the Cordon of English Mastiffs in Australia.

Colonel Leonard, the Fenian Leader, Guarded By a Rampart of Female Patriots In Ireland.

The story of John Boyle O'Reilly's escape from a penal settlement in Western Australia; his wanderings through the brush; his frequent narrow shaves with scouting parties, and his final rescue and conveyal to America by the kind hearted captain of a Yankee whaler, are familiar to most Irish-Americans, and may be found in detail in James Jeffrey Roche's interesting "Life of O'Reilly." It is not generally known, however, that in his escape, too, a woman played an important part. She also was the daughter of a prison official, and she it was who is believed to have made the gap in the "dog chain" through which O'Reilly passed. This dog chain is a cordon of ferocious blood hounds which completely surrounds the convict establishment. The dogs are fastened at distances of some forty feet apart, but with sufficient lenght of chain to meet each other, so that an escaping convict can pass no part of this ring of hungry fangs without having to force his way through two of the monsters—an impossibility for an unarmed man, to say nothing of the alarm given by the baying of the entire dog-chain. "Alice" either by removing two dogs or staying with them, and quieting them, opened a passage for O'Reilly on the night of his escape.

For many years—indeed, until the day of his death—Colonel Leonard could not listen unmoved to the toast of "The Ladies—God Bless Them!" For if ever a man had a rampart of petticoats shielding him from death and danger, Colonel Leonard was that man. One little moung of a nurse gnawed away the coils that environed Kirwan; one girl only furnished Larry O'Brien with the tools his ready hands desired; only one girl's face haunted O'Reilly's dying hours. Colonel Leonard had a battalion of female saviors. Young, middle aged, old; dull and bright; fair and frowsy; factory girls and domestic servants; Sisters of Mercy and school mistresses—maids, matrons and widows—there was never an outlaw so concealed and guarded since Prince Charlie sought safety with a huge price on his head in the highland glens of Caledonia. Yet there was nothing dashing, debonair, romantic about Leonord. He was a grizzled, tough, hard seasoned American soldier, over 60 years old, with as much of the lover about him as a lamp-post; a stern disciplinarian who had won his spurs slowly and methodically by patient dint of toil and ceaseless attention to duty. There was nothing of love's young dream in the devotion displayed for him by the women of Drogheda. It was an outcropping of that patriotism of the Irish servant girls which the English journals used to be so fond of sneering at. When the Drogheda Fenians were scattered by a handfull of police, Leonard found himself alone in the streets, without a follower, and without the slightest idea where he should seek shelter. He was known to the police—his portrait had been on exhibition in the shop window for weeks—he had only emerged that morning from a retreat to which he could not return—everything was lost. He had serious thoughts of giving himself up and taking his chances as an American citizen.

As he stood, hesitating, he felt his arm twitched. Turning he saw a little girl, 6 or 7 years old, at his elbow. "Are you afraid of the police?" queried the childish treble. "Well, you bet!" was the somewhat gruff response. "Come home with me; ma says so." He went. The same night he was sleeping serenely in the house of a magistrate who had just signed a warrant for his apprehension. Two days after the following paragraph appeared in many of the Irish dailies:

"Yesterday ——, J.P., to his astonishment discovered a person in the upper part of his house, with a heavy grey beard and an appearance altogether resembling that of the notorious Colonel Leonard. On the magistrate's approach the stranger fled down stairs and was seen by two other gentlemen, who at once recognized him from his portrait. Subsequently Constable Gannon was called in, and, drawing his revolver, went into the kitchen. It was empty. A search of the garden showed that a door leading into the street was open. This door had been disused for a quarter of a century, and where and how the stranger found the key is a perplexing mystery. The entire police force of Drogheda was called out and every house in the vicinity searched, but no trace of the fugitive found. The police are completely puzzled, and Head-Constable Gardner is inclined to believe that some highly respected people, never hitherto suspected of leaning toward the cause of sedition, must be in league with the Irish-American desperado."

As a matter of fact Colonel Leonard was escorted by a servant girl from the house of the magistrate where he was so unexpectedly discovered, to the house of another magistrate, where he wasn't at all expected (except in the kitchen) and remained in the latter place for weeks, while the owner of the establishment was signing search warrents by the half-dozen for cabins and tenements where he was told his grey-headed guest was hiding. At last Leonard got away from Drogheda; reached Manchester, where he was taken charge of by Centre John Gleason; stayed in the home of one Larry Woods, a singer in a Catholic choir, and finally disguised as an American Methodist preacher, accompanied by his young daughter (Miss McDermott, Woods' sister), sailed undisturbed from Goole to Antwerp, Belgium, while the £300 reward for his capture became ancient history.

From first to last Colonel Leonard's safety lay in the hands of women. It was a woman (a child it is true) that took him, an aimless fugitive, from the streets of Drogheda, scoured by his pursuers; its was a woman who saw him out of the clutches of the British lion, and to tell the truth it was a woman who found the bulk of the finances for the complete transaction. All these escapes had been brought about without the shedding of a single drop of blood. Capt. Geary, Lexington, Ky., Patrick Lennon, Dublin, and the Manchester rescuers were to demonstrate that Fenians could fight in an emergency and more than hold their own.—"*Romance of Fenianism.*"

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A DREAM OF GREECE.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

I was whirled away to an ancient day
In the chariot of a dream
And fast was my flight as a lance of light
Where the dusks of dead centuries teem,
And onward I sped through the land of the dead
To that time of the long ago,
When the marble awoke neath the sculptor's stroke
And nature and art were so
That they moved as a unity,
In the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

I saw uprise to empurpled skies
Temples with pillars white
And mountains untrod shot up to God
In the hush of the nebulous night,
And a segment of moon in the sable lagoon
Twixt the heaven and earth so fair
Seemed to sink and float like a silver boat
Bearing an angel there,
And my pulse beat on in unison
With a pulse of witchery,
In the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

And there sat by a torch on the sea-lapped porch
Of the palace of a prince
A poet who read from the Iliad
And its martial eloquence
On my hearing stole like a bell's grand toll
In some cathedral vast,
And there swept on my brain Troy's pictured plain
And the hosts in battle massed,
The dust and the rout and the single bout
Of the heroes famed to be,
In the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

And I courted there a maid as fair
As a virgin of Vesta's fane
And the light in her eyes was the color that dyes
The violet's velvet vein;
She was graceful and tall and as beautiful
As the creamy cyclamen
And the golden coil of her hair was a foil
For her warm and satiny skin,
And with passionate bliss she leant to my kiss
As pale as a fleur-de-lis,
In the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

Then methought I emerged from a crowd that surged
To listen to Socrates,
And wandered and mused in a garden suffused
With a cinnamon-scented breeze;
Here I paused in my walk by a poppy's stalk
To swinge off its lurid flower,
Here I plucked a date that did oscillate
Blood-red in the sundown hour;
And I finally pushed to the wood's unhushed
Heart of its greenery,
In the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

There I culled me a draught of the waters that laughed
From the fountain of Hippocrene
And I caught a glimpse of Pan and his nymphs
In a glade of eglantine,
And a dryad shy with a startled cry
Sped away like a frightened fawn
When I glanced through the green of her leafy screen
To the white of the Parthenon;
Then oblivion rolled in its funeral fold
This magical vision from me
And the golden clime of the Greek sublime
By the blue Ægean sea.

NIPPED A NICKEL.

Eleanor Kirk Tells Some Tales of Female Dishonesty Among the Bon-Ton of Gotham.

Conductors Cheated, Handkerchiefs Picked Up, and Cash Boys Defrauded.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Dec. 17.—The following incident occurred the other day in a trolley car: A handsomely dressed woman, conspicuous in church work and an alleged devout member of one of these institutions, deliberately defrauded the conductor of his fare. The latter functionary was busy handling an unusual number of passengers, and did not approach the above mentioned passenger until she had apparently tired of holding the nickel and had transferred it to her pocketbook. When at last he held out his hand for the fare, she looked him full in the face and inquired in the coolest manner imaginable:

"What do you want?"

"Your fare, madam."

"Do you not know that I got into this car at the ferry?" the woman asked.

"Oh, all right," said the conductor good naturedly. "I beg your pardon."

Now, this passenger did not know that she had been observed. What her mental argument in regard to that nickel was, who can tell? She may have tried to stifle the "still small voice," which is the voice of God, and which speaks in every human being, with the statement that the conductor should not have delayed so long, or that the company should be taught to employ officials who know enough not to keep ladies waiting in such a manner. But it will be very hard to convince me that this woman did not think more of saving five cents than of anything else. It was deliberate stealing, and there is little doubt but that she would be the first to condemn the man who would steal a five cent loaf of bread to keep his children from starving.

The other day a lady picked up a dollar bill in front of a crowded counter in one of our large dry goods stores. She knew it was not hers, but she stealthily and quickly transferred it to her pocket. A moment later she was lost in the crowd. Now, this dollar had been dropped by a little cash boy, who came hurrying back from the office the picture of despair, and had it not been for a customer, well known to the house, who saw the transaction, this boy would have been discharged either as a thief or as too careless to hold the position. Fortunately, the woman who picked up the bill was so accurately described, that she will doubtless be an object of suspicion for some time.

In speaking of the former incident, a friend wished to know what should be done when a conductor forgets to ask for a fare, as is occasionally the case. How can there be two sides to such a question? The conductor has rung up the passenger, and when he reckons his accounts at the end of the trip, he is compelled to make all such deficits good. It is no argument to state that the conductor "knocks down" so much, as our friend remarked, that it serves him right if he does have to make somebody's fare good once in a while. Now, all conductors do not "knock down," and if they did, it is no reason why other people should be dishonest.

People expect to be well and prosperous with such thoughts in their minds. They never can be. The wrong thought will not only materialize in a dishonest act, as in the case just alluded to, but it will produce sickness of some sort, or poverty-stricken conditions of some kind. The woman who robbed the car conductor of five cents had a pain somewhere in the neighborhood of the heart, for she kept pressing her hand to this cardiac locality, and expressing in her countenance unutterable things. She will have more than five cents worth of misery, because she violated the cardinal divine principle. There is neither health, satisfaction, nor economy in such transactions.

"Where did you get that lovely handkerchief?" a young lady asked her friend.

"Oh, there was an awful jam at the handkerchief counter in —— store, and this fell off and I smouched on to it. If I hadn't, somebody else would.".

These things are done every day by those who move in "the best society," and who are regular attendants at Divine Service. There is no excuse of poverty in those instances. Their purses are filled with bills, and their *monchoir* cases with handkerchiefs of all kinds. Once in a while one of these offenders is brought publicly to book. With the rich this transference is called kleptomania. In the case of the poor it is stealing.

"Martha" writes that after reading the glad tidings in regard to the fashionableness of last winter's wraps and gowns, she went cheerily to work and fixed up her wardrobe, and now she looks just as nice as anybody. Of course she does. The right feeling, with good taste and tact, will transform even a worn and old-fashioned garment into a thing of beauty.

To those who have asked about poke bonnets, I will say that they are coming into fashion again, but they are not the awkward, coal-scuttle pokes of yore.

I saw some at Lord & Taylor's the other day that were really things of beauty. One was made of black velvet, with a touch of cerise pink, and two beautiful ostrich plumes. The hats, the flowers, the feathers and the gowns on exhibition at this great emporium can scarcely be described. There is a very perceptible artist hand here that is deft in designing. We find the same artistic truth and beauty in the selection of colors and shades. Think of a purple crepon, with purple velvet sleeves, finished at the neck with a bertha of exquisite lace. Think of a skirt plain in front, with what is called the organ-piped back, consisting of five pleats which give a very graceful appearance to short and tall women alike. Imagine a dinner gown of Lincoln-green crepon, Eton waist, and vest of white and gold taffeta, and draped duchesse lace bertha. Think of tea gowns that are tea gowns, and not wrappers, with snug fitting backs, loose fronts, and the loveliest girdles imaginable. These gowns are make of all sorts of soft clinging materials from the cashmeres to Liberty Satin. This is the only kind of satin that will fall in soft folds. But we might as well stop first as last, for there is nothing that the fertile mind of woman can conceive or desire that is not here displayed. There are costumes for everybody, from the stylish and economical street dress, wrapper, and tea gown, all along the line to gowns of the millionairess, and there is no exhibition of paintings more beautiful or more artistic.

ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

THE COOKE BREWING CO.

One of the Chicago firms that has grown with a rush, so to speak, is the great beer producing concern known as the Cooke Brewing Co. It was established as the Union Brewing Company as far back as 1871, and in 1886, came under the control of that energetic citizen and capitalist, John S. Cooke, who gave it his name. It occupies a large extent of territory at the foot of Twenty-seventh street, overlooking the lake, and is one of the best equipped breweries in the United States. It is claimed to be the largest stock house in the city, and its facilities for supplying the trade cannot be surpassed. Under the presidency of Mr. Cooke, all the old buildings have disappeared, and the new structures are not alone commodious, but strikingly handsome. They are built of pressed brick, with iron supports, and are as much fire-proof as any buildings of that character can be made. The Cooke company produces lager beer, pilsener, Hofbrau, bottled export and the Imperial brand, which cannot be surpassed anywhere in America. They took seven medals at the World's Fair, which, considering the great competition, is a magnificant record. The firm champions pure beer, and is independent in its policy. This independece has, of late, attracted universal attention, and had great space in all the newspapers. The officers of the Brewery company are, John S. Cooke, president and treasurer; Charles F. Cooke, secretary. The firm is especially proud of having maintained the highest standard in the quality of their beer, and the name of Cooke guarantees the genuine merit of the favorite beverage manufactured by the company.

The Father Burke Memorial.

[*To the Editor.*]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 16—A fitting supplement to your leader upon the memorial to Father Tom Burke, would be some reference to Wendell Phillips' review of Froude's lecture: "Were it not for the names of Irish men, and Irish places, no student of Irish history would think Mr. Froude was speaking of Ireland," were the scathing words of this great son of the old Bay State, when reviewing Froude's lectures in Faneuil Hall.

Bye-the-by, would not some other form of monument be more fitting to commemorate this event? Say a granite shaft in the public square, upon one side a bas-relief of the great Dominican and the Unitarian Irishman of the North entering into the offensive and defensive alliance against Froude; and the above American verdict upon the opposite side? It seems to me that as the event was national, the memorial ought to be.

JEREMIAH QUIN.

When Did This Happen?

The Cork *Examiner* of Nov. 17 contained the following:

"A terrific storm passed over Lake Michigan yesterday afternoon, and at one time the waves on the lake rose to an immense height. A train on the Illinois Central Railway, consisting of twelve cars and containing many passengers, was caught by the waves, and narrowly escaped complete destruction. The rear coaches, however, were destroyed. One of them, fortunately containing no passengers, was carried into the lake."

Hope Springs Eternal

In the human breast. Despite repeated disappointments, the divine spark rekindled after each. Though there may not be a silver lining to every cloud, the vapors which obscure the sky oft waft aside and disclose the full splendor of the noonday sun. Thus is hope justified. Invalids who seek the aid from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in the hope of something better than a mere modification of the evils from which they suffer, will find that it justifies their expectation. Chills and fever, rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are thoroughly, not partly, remedied by the Bitters. Loss of flesh, appetite and sleep are counteracted by this helpful tonic as by no other medicinal agent, and to the old, infirm and convalescent it affords speedily appreciable benefit. A wineglassful three times a day.

DEBS FOUND GUILTY.

JUDGE WOODS' DECISION IN THE A. R. U. CASES.

Head of the American Railway Union Given Six Months and Each of the Directors Three Months in Jail for Their Part in the Pullman Boycott.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—"Guilty as charged" is the finding announced against Eugene Debs and the other leaders of the great Pullman boycott. The chief of the labor forces now has before him the prospect of a term in the county jail. Six months for President Debs and three months for Vice President Howard, Secretary Keliher Treasurer Rogers and Directors Burns, Elliott, Hogan and Goodwin was imposed. Sentence was suspended in the case of MacVean. The decision of United States Judge Woods in the contempt proceedings that have been pending since last summer against Debs and his associates in the American Railway Union, as a result of their obstructing trains in defiance of injunctions of the federal courts, was a long and exhaustive one, covering over ninety pages of closely type-written paper.

Important in Its Bearings.

It is as important as it is long. So important is it that the case will probably be taken to the supreme court of the United States for final decision. The defendants did not appear particularly crushed by the punishment, and it was evident that all had expected much more severe sentences. Debs instructed his friends to say nothing for publication setting, them an example by refusing to discuss the case at all. After a short consultation with their attorneys they left the court room. Attorney Darrow secured a stay of execution for ten days. "We shall," said Darrow, "take out a writ of habeas corpus before some court. As to the decision I think it a barbarous one, though for the offense as construed by the court the punishment was very light and lenient."

The Judge Sets Forth the Charge.

The judge began his opinion with a recital of the facts in the case and the claim of the defense that there had been no violation of the injunction, which was invalid anyhow, because the court had no jurisdiction, for one thing. The jurisdiction case is taken up in its order and argued to the conclusion that there is no doubt of the court's jurisdiction, for which conclusion a number of authorities are cited. The judge says of the charges against the defendants: "The charge made against the defendants was that they were engaged in a conspiracy to hinder and interrupt interstate commerce and the carriage of the mails upon the railroads centering in Chicago by means and in a manner to constitute, within the recognized definitions, a public nuisance.

Defines the Word Nuisance.

"A nuisance is 'anything that unlawfully worketh hurt, inconvenience or damage.' 'A public nuisance is such an inconvenience or troublesome offense as annoys the whole community in general, and not merely some particular person.' 'A public nuisance is a violation of a public right, either by a direct encroachment upon public rights or property, or by doing some act which tends to a common injury, or by omitting to do so some act which the common good requires, and which it is the duty of a person to do, and the omission to do which results injuriously to the public.'" The first two definitions were from Blackstone and the third from Wood.

COLLECTION OF THE INCOME TAX.

Secretary Carlisle Approves the Regulations in That Matter.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The secretary of the treasury has approved the regulations prescribed by the commissioner of internal revenue for the enforcement of the collection of the income tax under the late tariff act. Under the regulations provided and approved pursuant to law every citizen of the United States, whether residing at home or abroad, and every person residing or doing business in the United States, who has an annual income of more than $3,500 shall make a full return of the same, verified by his oath, to the collector of internal revenue of the collection district in which he resides, or if not a resident in which his business or the property from which his income is received is situated, on or before the first Monday in March of each year.

The first return under the law shall be made on or before the first Monday in March, 1895, and shall include all income from every source received in the year 1894 from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December in said year. Guardians, trustees and all persons and corporations acting in any fiduciary capacity are required to make similar returns for all minors, wards, or beneficiaries for whom they act.

The regulations cover the form of affidavit, what shall be included in the return in detail, the deductions allowed, the penalty for failure to make a return, the returns of corporations, companies and associations—what they shall include and deduct and penalties for default, and all matters connected with the collection of the tax.

War Against Ticket Scalpers.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 13.—War has been declared by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern company against ticket scalpers who have of late been dealing largely in the mileage books of that company. An imperative order has been issued to all passenger conductors instructing them that in every case where mileage books are presented the holder must sign his name and if the signatures do not agree the books must be taken up and fare collected. On 5,000 mile tickets the photographs attached thereto must be closely scrutinized and the books confiscated if not correct.

Robert Louis Stevenson, Novelist, Dead.

AUCKLAND, N. Z., Dec. 15.—Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-known novelist, is dead.

His death was sudden, from apoplexy. He was born at Edinburgh, Nov. 13, 1850. He wrote a number of novels, including "Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," and "The Black Arrow." He took up his residence in the Samoan islands because he became enraptured with the climate, and he was suffering with lung troubles.

Indictments Against Hayward and Blixt.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 14.—Harry T. Hayward and Claus A. Blixt have been indicted by the grand jury of Hennepin county and today Hayward and Blixt will stand before the bar of justice and plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of the murder of Catherine Ging.

M'BRIDE IS TO LEAD.

Chosen to Succeed Gompers by the Federation of Labor.

DENVER, Dec. 17.—The discussion of plank 10 in the political platform (the socialistic plank) was resumed in the convention of the American Federation of Labor Saturday. Delegate Lloyd, of Boston, moved to re-refer the plank to the subordinate unions. Morgan arose to a point of personal privilege. He said McGuire had reflected upon him. He said he got his few lessons in socialism from McGuire when he was organizer for the Socialist Labor party. He said: "He was in rags. I was ashamed of his personal appearance." Cries of "Shame" came from all parts of the hall, and the speaker was called to order by the chair, who ruled that the floor was forfeited.

Morgan refused to sit down after repeatedly being ordered to do so. Finally he appealed from the decision of the chair. The decision was sustained by the convention. Pomeroy spoke against socialism, but said the greater need of the day was the abolition of the American Protectives. He also advocated the single tax which with free silver at 16-to-1 has already been adopted by the convention. There were a large number of speeches before roll call was reached on the proposition to refer plank 10 and it was defeated as was a proposition favoring postal savings banks.

A substitute for plank 10 was adopted. It provides for the abolition of the land monopoly ownership and substituting occupancy and improvement as the only guarantee of title. Planks favoring the repeal of the seamen's conspiracy laws and "the issuance of all money direct to the people by the government" were adopted. Then the proposition to adopt the resolutions and indorse the entire political platform was defeated. The result was considered an overwhelming defeat to the socialistic element. John Burns bade formal adieu to the convention and said he would write a book about America.

DENVER, Dec. 18.—The convention of the American Federation of Labor did more business yesterday than in any preceding day. The members had expended their surplus energy in discussing the merits of the political programme, and were ready to do business. There were some surprises in the day's action, the most important of them being the defeat of President Gompers for re-election. It had been known that an effort was being made to displace him, but when the convention adjourned Saturday night it was not believed it would succeed. Sunday was, however, devoted to electioneering by the McBride contingent, and when the delegates came together again it was generally understood that Gompers would be retired.

His election as fraternal delegate to the British labor congress was intended as evidence that the convention recognizes his loyalty while questioning his ability to best serve the federation as its president. The vote on president was—McBride, 1,169; Gompers, 987. Gompers moved to make it unanimous and declared his entire loyalty to the new president. The other officers elected are: First vice president, McGuire, of Philadelphia, defeating the wife of Thomas J. Morgan, of Chicago; second, James Duncan, of Baltimore; third, Ready Kenehan, of Denver; fourth, T. J. Elderkin. A. McGraith, of Boston, was elected secretary and John B. Lennen was re-elected treasurer.

The defeat of Gompers seems to be due to a general desire for a change of administration. The mine workers, with 320 votes, were for McBride for personal reasons; the radical socialistic members felt that Gompers was very strongly opposed to them. The feeling generally was friendly to Gompers, but the election of McBride is regarded as a good choice. The action of Gompers in the American Railway Union strike undoubtedly had its effect. It was said by friends of the strikers that had Gompers supported Debs the strike would have been won. Others claim that in declining to order a general strike Gompers simply recognized the principle of perfect independence of the affiliating unions.

The convention selected New York as the next place of meeting and a motion to make Indianapolis the headquarters for five years was sent to committee. The following telegram was received from McBride, dated Columbus, O.: "Please thank the delegates in my name for the high honor they have conferred upon me, and assure them I shall aim to do my duty faithfully and fearlessly and hope to be able to reflect credit upon my administration and upon the American Federation of Labor. JOHN MCBRIDE."

The selection of Indianapolis as national headquarters was also in line with the idea of a general revolution in the federation. It was a declaration by the western delegates that they propose hereafter to control the organization.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE.

National Convention at Chicago Elects Officers and Is Banqueted.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—The National Civil Service Reform league has chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Carl Schurz; vice presidents, Charles Francis Adams, Boston; A. R. Macdonough, New York; the Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, New York; Henry Hitchcock, St. Louis; Franklin McVeagh, Chicago; the Rt. Rev. S. V. Regan, Buffalo; William Potts, New Haven, Conn.; J. Hall Pleasants, Baltimore; secretary, George McAneny, New York; treasurer, Silas W. Burt, New York. The event of the day was an address by Judge Foulke, of Richmond, Ind., in which he ably advocated the reform. Last night the delegates were banqueted by the local league. John W. Ela as president of the local league presided, and among those who responded to toasts were Carl Schurz, Richard Henry Dana, and Judge William D. Foulke. Two hundred covers were laid. The convention has adjourned sine die.

Lubin Advocates His Scheme.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The committee on agriculture gave a hearing to David Lubin, of Sacramento, Cal., in connection with the investigation now being made by that committee of the causes of the present depressed condition of agriculture. Lubin is a prominent member of the California Grange. He presented the scheme discussed at the meeting of the National Grange lately to put an export duty on farm products, the proceeds to go to help pay the farmer for transportation of his products.

Huntington's Victims No Worse.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Dec. 18.—S. A. Cromwell, of Minneapolis, and F. N. Hayden, of Chicago, the Fidelity agents who were shot by Bank Clerk Huntington, are no worse and will probably recover.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

What the Lawmakers Are Doing at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The consideration of the Nicaragua canal bill was continued in the senate. Dolph made a long speech in favor of the bill, in the course of which he advocated the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Morrill made some remarks in which he criticised the Peffer inflation bills reported adversely from the finance committee. The day closed with an executive session in which a large number of nominations were confirmed.

The struggle over the bill to authorize railroad pooling was terminated in the house by the passage of the bill by the decisive vote of 166 to 110. The Cooper substitute, which placed the entire control of the conditions of pooling in the hands of the interstate commerce commission and gave it absolute power in the matter of revoking pooling orders, was defeated.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13. — The senate passed a bill withdrawing from private entry certain lands in the northwest, as a measure of relief to drought-stricken settlers. Motions to take up the sugar bill and the cloture resolution were rejected. Platt urged action on the bill making a new territory of the land occupied by civilized Indian tribes in order to bring that territory under the law. A number of pension bills were passed, including one for the widow of General Banks of $100 per month. The Nicaragua canal bill came up and Morgan gave the senate section No. 2 of his speech. An executive session was held.

The house went into committee on the urgent deficiency bill, and a lively debate was had on the clause appropriating money to execute the income tax law, which was adopted, and for money for special pension examiners, which was not voted upon. Thursday, Dec. 20, was set aside for the dedication of the statues of John Stark and Daniel Webster.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The senate adjourned until next Monday. Practically all the time of the session was consumed in the discussion of the bill to establish a national university at Washington and the Nicaraguan canal bill. Morgan presented section No. 3 of his speech on the canal.

The house passed three appropriation bills—the urgent deficiency, fortifications and Military academy—and made fair progress on the pension bill. The urgent deficiency bill was passed practically as presented, carrying the appropriation to execute the income tax law. The fortifications bill as passed carried $7,579,067 and the military academy bill $457,678. The pension bill carries $141,281,570.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The time of the house was consumed with debate on the pension appropriation bill, and although it abounded in charges and counter charges it lacked interesting detail. The bill was passed without amendment. The Hitt resolution of inquiry calling on the secretary of state for the correspondence relating to the payment of $425,000 to Canada in connection with the fur seal controversy was adopted. The evening session was devoted to the consideration of private pension bills, and the house adjourned over until Monday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—More than three hours of the session of the senate were occupied in the discussion of the Nicaraguan canal bill and three senators made speeches. Peffer favored the measure under certain conditions, but was opposed to issuing bonds payable in gold to raise the money required. Squire of Washington declared unequivocally in favor of the construction of the canal, while Turpie, though approving a canal, expressed his decided opposition to the pending bill. An executive session was held.

The bill to protect forest reservations passed in the house under suspension of the rules. The remainder of the day was devoted to the army appropriation bill, which was passed without amendments. Sixteen pension bills were passed, a resolution declaring in favor of abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was sent to committee, and Springer reported the Carlisle banking bill.

LOST AT SEA WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Fifty Lives Probably Lost in the Recent Storm on the Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—That the steam colliers Montserrat and Keweenaw have been lost at sea with all on board is now considered almost a certainty. The Montserrat from Nanaimo and the Keweenaw from Comox, B. C., are both seven days overdue at this port. For several days tugs and coasting steamers all along the northern coast have kept a lookout, but no tidings of them have been received.

Both vessels were heavily loaded and the prevailing opinion is that they were lost almost together in the terrible gale that raged off Cape Flattery the night they put to sea. The Montserrat, Captain Blackburn, carried a crew of twenty men, and the Keweenaw, Captain Jenkins, carried a crew of thirty men.

Ballots Were Tampered With.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—Discoveries of a sensational nature have been made in connection with the Swift-Hopkins mayoralty contest. It is discovered that ballots cast in the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second and Thirty-third wards at the December election in 1893 have been tampered with. The sealed wrappers put on in each precinct in the wards named bear evidence of having been slashed open with a knife.

The Murder Is Still a Mystery.

PANA, Ills., Dec 18.—The murder of the unknown young man near here is still a mystery. The victim is unidentified.

THE DEATH RECORD.

R. R. PRICE, ex-World's fair commissioner, at Hutchinson, Kas.

J. W. DUNSETH, old settler of Urbana, Ills.

DANIEL BARR, prominent citizen of Rochester, Ills.

Rev. C. W. WILLING, well known Methdist minister, at New York.

CHAUNCEY WILTSE, prominent banker of Fullerton, Neb.

ALEXANDER PEAK, well known stock raiser, at Vandalia, Ills.

GEORGE F. BRECK, prominent attorney of Paw Paw, Mich.

SAMUEL S. MCCAMLEY, leading business man of Kalamazoo, Mich.

DR. C. H. BUTLER, prominent physician and fraternity man, at Columbus, Ind.

Dr. JOHN FORD, historian and lecturer, at Stamford, Conn.

HENRY W. ASH, prominent horticulturist of Iowa, at Tallapoosa, Ga.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY, well known journalist, at Springfield, Mass.

Rev. JAMES ROGERS EARLY, at Hastings, Minn.

ILLINOIS GLEANINGS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Telegraphic Reports of Happenings in the Prairie State During the Past Few Days —News Briefly Stated and Placed for Convenient Reading.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 14.—The state board of live stock commissioners has submitted its ninth annual report to the governor. It is a voluminous report covering fully the year's work as done by the commission in actinomycosis, Texas fever, tuberculosis, anthrax, glanders, maladie du coit, and other contagious diseases. In the state inspection of actinomycosis cattle at the Union stock yards, Chicago, under the new system, which has been in operation since July 23, 1894, 2,818 head of suspected cattle have been inspected by the assistant state veterinarians; 1,460 were passed in the yards and 858 slaughtered, and 629 condemned as unfit for food. During the year 4,088 actinomycosis cattle were inspected; 2,157 were passed in the yards; 1,879 were slaughtered, and 1,881 condemned as unfit for food. There is now hearty co-operation between the live stock exchange and the state commission and the inspection is in a very satisfactory condition.

No Beer for Alton Employes.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—The Chicago and Alton Railway company has issued an order which the officers say will be strictly adhered to and which says: "The use of beer or other intoxicating liquor by any employe of this company while on duty is strictly prohibited, and no employe will be allowed to have such liquors in or about any station, shop, or yard or other premises of this company at any time or under any circumstances" Violation of this order means prompt discharge.

For Purity of the Ballot.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 18.—Representative J. C. Manning, of Clay county, the Populist leader of the Alabama legislature, left last night to consult the leading Populists and Republicans in Tennessee and other states on the subject of a plan proposed by him to organize in a league all of those in the south who favor ballot reform and protection. Manning says he desires to start a general movement to purify elections in the south.

Whisky Trust to Increase Its Output.

PEORIA, Ills., Dec. 17.—President Greenhut said the trust directors had ordered an increase in the daily capacity of the company of 12,000 bushels of grain per day, the same to go into effect by the first of the year. The plants to be started are in Peoria, Chicago, Cincinnati, Terre Haute, and St. Louis. The first run of spirits at the Manhattan distillery under the Takamine process is reported as being satisfactory.

Another Suicide at Joliet.

JOLIET, Ills., Dec. 15.—Captain James W. Miller committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He was chief engineer of the prison for twenty-three years, and left about a year before Warden McClaughry resigned to engage in the manufacturing of patent boilers and brick. Lately he had been manufacturing news ink. For a week he had been mentally unbalanced on account of sickness.

Death of an Illinois Pioneer.

BELLEVILLE, Dec. 17.—Colonel John Thomas, the oldest and wealthiest resident of St. Clair county, died at his home in this city after a short illness. Last week he was stricken with paralysis, and though the stroke was only partial his great age, 95 years, prevented him from recovering.

Illinois Horticultural Society.

DIXON, Dec. 15.—The election of officers for the Illinois State Horticultural society closed its annual session. The election resulted as follows: T. A. Goodric, Cobden, president; J. L. Hartwell, Dixon, vice president; H. M. Dunlap, Savoy, secretary, and Arthur Bryant, Princeton, treasurer.

Woman Drowns Herself.

GALESBURG, Ills., Dec. 15.—Mrs. Samuel Lyon killed herself by drowning. She left a note to her husband saying that she would be found in the bottom of Lake George. The body was recovered. She had been in ill-health for some time, and had a sick boy about whom she was much worried.

Scalped in a Laundry.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—Celia Wentimer, a laundry woman employed at 729 Seventy-ninth street, Auburn Park, had her hair caught in the shafting of the laundry and her scalp torn from her head. The scalp was replaced and the doctors say she will recover.

Was a Cousin of Daniel Webster.

PLANO, Ills., Dec. 17.—Ex-Mayor D. W Webster shot himself twice in the abdomen. His lifeless body was found eight hours afterward. He lived alone and was a cousin of the great Daniel Webster. No cause can be given for the act.

Notes of the State.

Judge J. O. Cunningham and wife have offered the Home Missionary society of the Methodist church their handsome country residence near Urbana, Ills., for the purpose of furnishing a home for helpless and dependent children.

Banker A. C. Burnham of Champaign, Ills., has tendered to the city for a public library his old homestead and two valuable lots, together with $30,000 in cash for the erection of a building and $10,000 for the purchase of books.

Two hundred pounds of dynamite exploded while being thawed out by a fire on the drainage canal in Will county, Ills. Willie Sullivan was fatally hurt, Mike Flynn lost an eye, and another man was badly hurt.

Michael Lee was killed by the cars at Donaldsonville, Ills. His parents live in Clarksville, Ills.

Sebastian Ehrhart, a street sprinkling contractor of Decatur, Ills., was found dead in bed. Apoplexy was the cause. He had lived fifty years in Decatur.

Belleville, Ills., women, who united to wipe out local plague spots, seem to have been defeated all around.

A strange disease resembling cholera is carrying off horses near Abingdon, Ills. The state live stock board has been asked for instructions.

Mrs. Hezekiah Watkins of Ogunawka, Ills., recently celebrated her 100th birthday. She is a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Conductor Collister and Brakeman Sibley and Brown of the Northwestern, were arrested at Boone, Ia., for robbing freight cars of bonded goods.

WHY NOT THE OLD PLAN?

A New Hanging Scheme That Has a Lot of Unnecessary Machinery.

HARTFORD, Dec. 18.—Jack Cronin was hanged in the jail here at 1 o'clock this morning. Cronin was just a common murderer, who on Oct. 6, 1893, for a fancied grievance shot Albert Skinner in Skinner's own yard without giving his victim a chance for his life. The hanging is interesting because it is the first under the new law requiring the execution to take place at night in the presence of a few designated witnesses, and because it was accomplished with an "automatic" gallows, a modification of one used in Colorado.

The Colorado gallows was designed to save the feelings of the sheriff because with it the prisoner hanged himself. His weight on the platform opened a valve that let a quantity of water run out of a vessel and when it was all gone it released a heavy weight that jerked the prisoner into the air and broke his neck. It was objected to in some quarters for the very reason that it did cause the prisoner to do all the work and saved official emotion. The modification substituted shot for water, which was released by the sheriff putting his foot on a lever.

Thus the sheriff had to do the work instead of the prisoner. When the shot all ran out a weight jerked the prisoner into the air with fatal effect. There is a good deal of machinery about the scheme, including a dial that the sheriff can watch and see, as it were, the sands of his victim's life running out. It had been tested thoroughly on a dummy, and proved to work perfectly, which it did in Cronin's case. He was dead in a moment.

WAS THE DEATH OF ANDY BOWEN.

Young Southern Light-Weight Dies After His Fight with Lavigne.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 17.—On the gatepost of a modest little cottage on Thalia street hung a streamer of crepe all day yesterday, announcing to the passer-by that one who had been called by the Angel of Death lay within. Beyond the portal in a prettily furnished parlor lay all that was mortal of Andy Bowen, the best light-weight the south has ever produced, and one of the pluckiest fighters who ever entered a ring. He was buried this morning.

Andy never recovered consciousness after he fell from the blow on the chin given him by Lavigne, and died from concussion of the brain. Whether the chin blow did it or the heavy fall on the floor, which was only covered with canvass, is not known, but Lavigne is charged with murder and on bail in $10,000, and all the ring assistants are implicated and on bail in $5,000 each.

It is a sad case all round and the immediate result was the declaring off of the Dempsey-Ryan fight scheduled for Saturday night. Mayor Fitzpatrick later forbade the fight. The dead man leaves a young widow, who is almost distracted, for Bowen was a good husband and had a pretty and happy home. Lavigne has an old mother whom he helps take care of and his first thought was of her. His sorrow at the result of his blow is deep and earnest. The tragedy is the death of pugilism here.

Year in Prison for the Meadowcrofts.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—The jury in the Meadowcroft case brought in a verdict finding Frank R. Meadowcroft and Chas. J. Meadowcroft guilty of embezzlement and fixing their punishment at one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of $28. A motion for a new trial was at once made. The Meadowcroft brothers' offense was accepting a deposit in their bank when they knew it was in a failing condition.

Literally Chopped to Pieces.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Dec. 18.—Dr. R. A. Nelson, superintendent of the inebriate asylum, was literally chopped to pieces by Thomas Allen, an inmate of the asylum. Allen was suffering from delirium tremens and Dr. Nelson had taken him out for a walk. Suddenly while the physician's back was turned Allen sprang upon him with a hatchet and repeatedly buried the murderous weapon in his skull. Allen is in jail.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.

Money on call easy at 1@1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485¾@488¾ for demand and 485¾@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 486@489 and 488½@490; commercial bills 485½@485¾.

Silver certificates 67¾; no sales; bar silver 60¾. Mexican dollars 50.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 113½; 5's coupons 113¾; 4's regular 114¼; 4's coupons 115¼; 2's regular 97.; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 54½c, closed 55½c; May, opened 58¾c, closed 58¼c; July, opened 59¾c, closed 59¾c. Corn—December, opened 36⅞c, closed 40¼c; January, opened 47¾c, closed 47c; May, opened 50¼c, closed 49¾c. Oats—December, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c; January, opened 29½c, closed 29¾c; May, opened 32½c, closed 32¼c. Pork—January, opened $11.90, closed $11.87½; May, opened $12.22½, closed $12.20. Lard—January, opened $6.80, closed $6.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 10@11c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21c per doz, loss off. Live poultry—Chickens, 5½@7c per lb; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 7@8½c; geese, $5.00@8.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu; Hebrons, 42@45c; early rose, 40@45c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.50. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to choice, $8.00@9.00 per bbl; fancy, $9.00@9.75. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.

Live stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 27,000; sales ranged at $3.40@4.15 pigs, $4.00@4.45 light, $4.10@4.30 rough packing, $4.10@4.60 mixed, and $4.35@4.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 16,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@6.40 Christmas beeves, $3.15@3.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.35@5.10 good to choice do., $3.65@4.30 fair to good, $3.15@3.80 common to medium, do., $2.85@3.50 butchers' steers, $2.10@3.00 stockers, $2.80@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.70 cows, $2.30@3.30 heifers, $1.80@3.50 bulls, $2.35@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers, and $2.00@3.30 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $1.80@3.05 wethers, $1.50@2.75 Texans, $1.25@3.30 natives, and $1.75@4.10 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 17.

Wheat—Cash, 52c; December, 52c; January, 53c; May, 55½c. Corn—Cash, 46c; December, 45½c; January, 44½c; May, 46¼c. Oats—Cash, 29¼c; December, 30c; May, 32c. Pork—Jobbing, $12.25. Lard—Prime, $4.75; choice, $6.82½.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

Mary Stewart Sherman, only daughter of the Ohio senator, was married to James Ivers McCallum, in her father's residence at Washington, the knot being tied by Rev. R. H. McKim, of the Church of the Epiphany. Among the guests was Father Sherman, the priestly son of "Old Tecump."

Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada, died at Windsor, England, a moment after a meeting of the British privy council as which he was sworn in as a member. He was born in Nova Scotia, and had been for many years prominent in Dominion politics. He was 50 years old.

The Commercial bank at St. Joseph, Mo., has made an assignment. Liabilities are given at $270,000 and assets at $325,000. The capital of $125,000 has lately been impaired one-half by losses on loans.

In recognition of his distinguished service in the Harris campaign against the African slave traders the Belgian Royal Geographical society has elected R. Dorsey Mohun, United States commercial agent in the Congo Free State, an honorary member.

Friday, Dec. 14.

The Newfoundland ministry has resigned as a result of the recent Commercial bank failure.

The Greek parliament has voted to hold back or destroy this crop year's wine with a view to improving the market.

Omaha police have discovered evidence that Mrs. Ida Nolsen drowned her two children and herself.

A New York druggist has been found selling bogus anti-toxine. It is feared much trouble will result therefrom.

The streak of fire that swept over Texas cattle ranges was seventy-five miles long and went faster than a horse could run. It burned over millions of acres and is still burning.

It is said that Colonel Davis of Chicago, who has withdrawn from the Illinois senatorial race, will seek the Republican nomination for mayor.

It is charged at St. Louis that by manipulation of the registration lists 2,000 voters were disfranchised at the November election.

C. F. Periolot, furs, of Chicago, has assigned. The firm is one of the oldest in the country dealing in furs.

Saturday, Dec. 15.

Daniel M. Robertson, who killed his wife at New Bedford, Mass., was hanged there by the sheriff, and at Sandwich, Ont., Joseph Truskey was hanged, of course by the sheriff, for the murder of a constable.

Andrew Uiaszek, the second of the LaSalle, Ills., anarchists to be tried for the attempted murder of Sheriff Taylor during the LaSalle coal-strike riots in May, has been sentenced to five years in Joliet.

Obituary: At Detroit, Lewis T. Ives, the portrait painter, 61. At Paris, Jean Mace, the French litterateur and senator. At New York, Samuel S. McCawley, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Illinois board of World's fair commissioners reports an unexpended balance of the fair appropriation of $500,000.

Byron C. Coburn, of Gorham, Me., was murdered by a thief who was trying to steal a valuable trotter.

The court house at Lewiston, Ills., built in 1839, in which Abraham Lincoln made a famous speech in 1858, has been destroyed by fire.

The damage by the recent earthquake to the cathedral at the City of Mexico is estimated at $300,000.

Monday, Dec. 17.

The president of the Purington Brick company, of Chicago, is missing. His name is Charles S. Purington, and his father-in-law says he has misappropriated $40,000.

Secretary Mortan has determined this year to devote his quota of free seeds, amounting to one-third of the whole, to the farmers in those western states that have suffered so severely through last season's drought.

The Esterly Harvester company at Minneapolis has made an assignment; assets, $939,742; liabilities, $3,55,015. The company will reorganize.

Ex-County Treasurer McLean, of Wyandotte county, Mo., is short in his accounts $58,600 owing to a bank failure and inexpert bookkeeping.

Seeley, the New York bank robber, says he did his stealing, except as to $10,000 of it, for Frederick Baker (who was found dead in the water just after the robbery came out). Seeley was arraigned for trial today.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.

George Francis Train has assumed the office of "Rev." He preached in Union Square hall on the subject of "Hell."

Job Batty's Son's, an old-established Philadelphia yarn and carpet firm, wants cash to pay about $200,000 in debts, and has confessed judgment in that sum.

By a collision of hose carts at Rochester, N. Y., firemen were thrown in all directions. Lieutenant Lewis Rice was killed and Captain Frank Grafton seriously injured.

David Tuckhorn, local buyer for Nelson Morris & Co., at Kansas City, killed himself. He had been drinking, and there is a woman in the case.

Claus A. Blixt, the murderer of Catherine Ging at Minneapolis, surprised the prosecution by pleading not guilty. The trial was set for Jan. 7. He declined the counsel appointed for him by the court, and R. R. O'Dell appeared in his behalf. The defense will be insanity brought on by the use of stimulants given by another.

Distress in the Stomach

"I had trouble with my stomach for a long time and could not get anything that would do me any good. Last February I had

Inflammation

of the stomach, and was so bad for a week, that even light food would cause

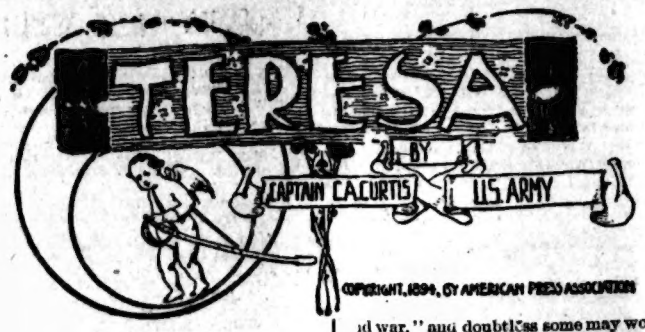
Great Distress

and vomiting. The doctor's medicine did me no good and so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I could eat anything without having the least bit of distress. I have only taken five bottles and my general health is much better." ED. CHAMPLIN, Groton City, New York.

Mrs. E. Champlin

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills should be in every household.



CHAPTER VI.

While the lieutenant mused in solitude the midnight wind was roaring around the corners of his cabin and murmuring in the chimney. Icy crystals dashed in rattling gusts against the window panes, and the gray wolves, drawn by hunger to the kitchen refuse, howled a weird refrain. Certainly there was no immediate prospect of Teresa's departure.

If she continued to stay, how far would he be justified in taking advantage of the intimacy chance had afforded? He was well aware that his future happiness was in her keeping, but was she animated by a similar interest in him? He was obliged to confess that the only circumstance he could interpret in his favor was the doubtful one shown in the girl's reluctance to reveal her identity.

Since then she had been the well bred young lady, making no reference to any previous knowledge of her host, although he had given her several opportunities to do so. The little prayer book which she had dropped from the carriage in Santa Fe had lain on the mantel this evening, and she had listlessly handled it before taking her seat by the fire, but she exhibited no interest in it, nor did she show any consciousness of having seen it before.

Then the engagement to young Ortega. Was it possible her heart had gone where her parents had pledged her hand? He would wait. Perhaps this blessed storm might continue long enough to settle all these questions.

Teresa had also sat for a long time by her fireside, busy with reflections upon her present plight. At last she arose, and turning to her yawning maid said, "Jenny, you may tell Cain in the morning that I will hereafter take my meals in my own cabin, and you will hold no communication with Mr. Raymer about it."

"Yes, miss."

Next morning Jenny delivered her mistress' message to the lieutenant. Raymer was astonished and puzzled and attempted to recall any possible offense he might have given his guest. He could remember none, and at first he felt inclined to seek Dona Teresa and ask an explanation, but after a little reflection he decided to go into the wood with the fatigue party.

Two days passed, during which he caught no glimpse of Teresa. On the morning of the third the wind ceased, the sun shone brightly, and the melting snow soon began to drip from the eaves of the cabins. Raymer was about to leave his quarters when a gentle rap was heard upon his door. Opening it, he found Miss Valencia and Jenny standing there. At his invitation they entered, and Teresa asked:

"Do you not think the weather sufficiently mild for me to start for Jemez?"

"The weather is mild enough, but how can you pass the drifts?" replied Raymer.

"They must be passed. I can stay here no longer."

"I fear you will only repeat the experience of your late attempt."

"No, Mr. Raymer. You can certainly open the way if you undertake it."

"But," said Raymer in Spanish, a language not well understood by the maid, "suppose I do not wish to undertake it?"

"I do not understand you."

"Do you not know that, once out of the valley, I may never see you again?"

"Quien sabe! Does that matter? You know I must go."

"True. I suppose it can matter little to you. I did not mean to take advantage of your unwilling presence here. I did but reflect that, once out of the valley, I cannot expect to meet you again and have an opportunity to speak. I would have been pleased to have met you as I have met young ladies at home, but the usages of your country have prevented. When on duty in Albuquerque, I tried every proper means to make your acquaintance and failed. I asked your father"——

"You asked my papa what?"

The lieutenant glanced at Jenny, but that discreet damsel, if she understood anything, looked uninterested and busied herself in arranging furniture and other articles. So he went on:

"I asked permission to call upon you, formally making your acquaintance, and, if agreeable to you, to pursue it further. You know I dined at your house several times?"

"No; I never knew you were there," answered Teresa, looking into the face of the earnest speaker, an unspoken question written in her beautiful eyes.

"He said it could not be; that you were engaged to marry Ignacio Ortega. This occurred in your library. Afterward I called at the house, sent in my card and asked for the ladies. I was received by senora and some elderly woman."

"Where was papa?"

"He was there. He presented me to your mother, but he took little part in the conversation."

The girl's face grew sorrowful, and she sank back in the camp chair, gazing sadly at the lieutenant, who continued. "Tell me, Teresa, is this engagement made with your consent?"

There was no response for a little space, and then the girl said in English:

"I must leave here at once, Mr. Raymer."

An old adage says, "All is fair in love and war," and doubtless some may wonder why Raymer hesitated to take full advantage of his opportunities. His course was unusual. He had been deeply impressed by Teresa's attempt to avoid him, finding no difficulty in reading her motives. He resolved, therefore, although many strong impulses warred to prevent, to await a future opportunity. Fate could not be so cruel as to deny him the happiness of meeting her again and with the approval of her parents. Even Senora Valencia must acknowledge that he now had some claims upon her gratitude.

"I must leave here at once, Mr. Raymer."

"Very well," was the reply. "I will take the team and some men, with shovels, and open a path through the drifts. The weather will remain pleasant for several days, and tomorrow morning you shall start and go on without hindrance. I shall expect you to eat supper with me upon my return. I may be gone all day."

"Yes, I will take supper with you. Everything shall be ready for your return. Please let the sentinel report when he sees you start for camp."

"Word shall be left at the guardhouse, and the sergeant will notify you."

The young lady rose and left for her cabin, from the window of which she soon afterward saw the sled containing a dozen men, preceded by the lieutenant on his horse, crossing the brook and moving toward the southern end of the valley.

For miles the wind had swept the ground nearly clear of snow, and the bob moved as easily as if upon an eastern country road, but near the southern limit of the valley a roll in the surface and a notch in the eastern range caused such a confusion of wind currents that an extensive drift barricaded the road, stretching a snowy ridge far across the basin. It was impracticable to skirt and must be cut through.

The men fell to work briskly with their shovels, throwing out compact blocks on either hand, and in time had a way sufficiently broad to permit the sled to pass through, but from this first drift to the timber there was a succession of similar obstructions, although less in size, so that the short winter day had nearly ended before the work was completed and the soldiers started on their return to camp. Beyond the forest boundary the road was passably clear. Within the deep wood the snow had fallen uniformly and without drifting and became less deep with each succeeding mile toward the Jemez river.

The valley of the river, nearly 3,000 feet below the level of Great valleys, was snowless and verdant.

CHAPTER VII.

The firelights shone brightly through the cracks and crevices of the windowless cabins of the soldiers when Raymer rode into the parade and dismounted. Passing the reins to the waiting Cain, he went in the direction of his quarters, and through the windows saw Jenny preparing the table for supper. Before the hearth sat Dona Teresa penciling something on a flyleaf of the little missal.

Pausing until she had finished writing, the lieutenant stamped the snow from his feet and opened the door. Teresa was standing near the fire, looking into the blaze, and the missal occupied its old place on the bookshelf.

"The road is open, Miss Valencia," said he, approaching the fire and spreading his hands to its genial warmth. "The sky is clear and still, and my prediction of this morning is likely to prove true."

"Thank you so much. Aren't you cold after a whole day in the snow?" moving a chair toward the hearth and taking his overcoat, gloves and cap.

"Hands and feet slightly chilled. It was not uncomfortable in the sunlight during the day, but it became a little cold after sunset."

"Was it necessary for you to superintend the work?"

"Perhaps not. It would have been as well done in charge of a sergeant or corporal, but I wanted to explore the road a half dozen miles into the forest to see if we shall meet any obstacles tomorrow."

"Need you accompany me tomorrow?"

"It is better that I should go on many accounts. It is not likely that Indians will be on the trail, but I should fear for your safety if I remained behind."

"Indians do not go on the warpath in winter, I have been told."

"Not generally. Government is carrying on the war through the winter, the troops having an advantage now they cannot have in the summer, when the Indians' ponies are in their best condition. Of course it is impossible for them to operate in this snowy waste, but the valley of the Jemez affords some forage, and it forms a section of one of the routes to their country. But really there is not one chance in a thousand that we shall meet an Indian."

"I hope not," replied Teresa, with much earnestness. "Jenny, you may serve the supper. We have made this something of a dinner, Mr. Raymer, as you have been out since breakfast."

"The hour will seem more homelike too. We early risers cannot follow fashionable usage."

Host and guest sat down to their last meal together in the camp. Raymer, in very desperation at the thought of losing sight of this lovely girl, launched into a sea of commonplaces, avoiding the subject nearest his heart. When tea was served, Teresa made some remark which showed a familiar knowledge of American society, and Raymer asked:

"How does it happen that you know so much of our customs and are so different from Mexican young ladies in general?"

"Is that so surprising? Your question shows your society experience must have had its limitations, and that your notions of Mexican young ladies were not gathered from association with the gente finas."

"I cannot claim intimate acquaintance with either extreme of Mexican life."

"Do you know any Mejicanas?"

"My acquaintance is limited to present company."

"Then I am unwilling to consider you a judge of our people. Mexican ladies are often highly accomplished. You condemn or criticise without knowledge of them. What are these superior American manners? Are they indigenous?"

"Imported, perhaps, and improved upon."

"I recall that some severe criticisms have been passed upon them by eminent English authors and travelers, and that Americans abroad are still made subjects of criticism by Europeans. Good manners have no nationality, Mr. Raymer."

"That is true. I did not refer so much to manners as to your knowledge of our customs and the usages of our society."

"Residence in New York did something for that. I suppose you think because I speak your language well and am somewhat familiar with its literature that I am superior to my associates."

"I thought you their superior in many things. As for English, I doubt if any classmate of yours could speak it so well."

"No, but many could read it as well."

"Was there one who could have written an essay—as you did—on the 'Literature of the Elizabethan Era?'"

"You mean and have done as well as I?" said Teresa laughingly.

"Yes."

"Perhaps not."

"Then are you not a little more American than Mexican to that extent?"

"That depends upon what you mean by 'American.' If you mean that I have had better educational and social advantages than my companions, I reply yes. If you mean 'American' in the sense of residence on this continent, then I claim to be more 'American' than you. That Plymouth Rock date is quite recent when compared with the settlement of New Mexico. The old palace in Santa Fe was the scene of stirring events before William Penn treated with the Indians. Supposing that a Raymer was among the Pilgrims, the Valencias were on American soil nearly a century before. Who is the most American—you or I?"

"I will concede it to you. I was unfortunate in my expression, or you did not understand me. It is true, I know little of Mexican domestic life, but I recognize in you many New England peculiarities of manner and expression without their stiffness. Then, too, you do some things in a way that suggests an intimate knowledge of the customs of eastern society—the society of our seaboard cities. It is that which puzzles me."

"Well, you are welcome to my lecture on American history," said Teresa. "I owe to papa whatever of eastern manners may have been engrafted upon my Mexican breeding. He was sent to a Massachusetts school when a boy and staid there until he nearly forgot his mother tongue. He greatly admires the system of educating boys and girls together and the manner in which eastern children are reared."

"And yet he makes a contract for the bestowal of your hand just the opposite from the custom prevailing there."

"I have a mother."

"And she does not agree with him?"

"She believes in Mexican usage."

"After living some years in New York too?"

"It was her life there and some observations of American domestic life that confirmed her in the opinion that our way is best."

"Does your father agree with her?"

"In many things, yes. His own marriage was arranged by his parents and has proved a happy one. That is a strong plea for mamma's wishes in my case."

"And you do not even know your affianced intimately, I suppose?"

"I have met him only in the presence of others, and rarely."

"But does not Senor Valencia see that such a union may prove unfortunate?"

"Papa rarely interferes in matters concerning me, except to insist that I shall understand English well. He always speaks to me in that tongue, and he arranges my reading in American and English books."

"But why does he take such pains to thoroughly unfit you for the marriage contemplated?"

"You have no right to question me on this subject, Mr. Raymer. I have been answering your questions because your services to me seemed to give you a right to my confidence, but you seem to forget that ours is an accidental acquaintance; that I am an involuntary guest and entitled to respect and protection."

"I forget nothing, Teresa," said the lieutenant, for the second time addressing the young lady by her Christian name. "I remember everything, from the moment I first saw you in Santa Fe until now. I have endeavored to take no advantage of your situation, constantly repressing the many things that spring to my lips while in your presence, but I feel, as the time approaches for you to leave, that I shall do myself a wrong if I do not speak"——

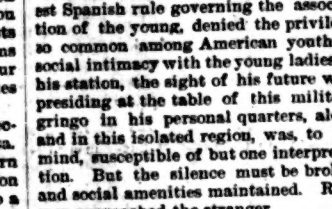
A noise of trampling hoofs and the sound of voices interrupted the conversation. A loud knock shook the door. The blushes which had begun to mantle the face of the girl at the words of her host were arrested and fled away as the tones of familiar voices fell upon her ears. Raymer went to the door and opened it. The sergeant of the guard stood there.

"I come to report to the commanding officer," said he, "that Padre Gutierrez and a stranger have just arrived from Jemez and are inquiring for the young lady."

"Let them come in, sergeant," was the reply, and out of the darkness and into the light of the cabin stepped two gentlemen. At sight of the priest Raymer extended his hand and greeted him cordially.

"Enter, Padre Mio. I am glad to see you. Come to the fire and remove your wraps."

Father Gutierrez took the offered hand, but there was no cordiality in his grasp. His eyes were fastened gravely upon the beautiful and anxious girl now rising with downcast eyes from her seat at the table. She was fully conscious of her false position, the surmises of the priest and the glowing jealousy which gleamed from the black eyes of her betrothed, for the stranger was Ignacio Ortega.



His eyes were fastened gravely upon the beautiful and anxious girl.

"Daughter," said the priest, "let me conduct you to your room."

Teresa took the proffered arm, and yielding to a resentful impulse of returning pride greeted Ortega with a frigid bow and turned with a smile to the lieutenant.

"Good night, Mr. Raymer," she said, "and thank you very much for this entertainment on my last evening in the valley. You have been very kind to me during my involuntary stay, and I shall not forget it."

"Good night, Miss Valencia. Your company has been very pleasant, and I only regret that it has not oftener been bestowed upon me," replied the young officer, holding the door ajar and inclining his head as the priest and his niece passed out, followed by the maid Jenny.

Raymer was left alone with the man whom he had instinctively recognized as the person selected by the parent Valencias to be the husband of their daughter. He also recognized him to be the brilliantly attired caballero whom the drunken wagon master had sent beneath the wheels of his train. Realizing this, it was difficult for him to be more than civil.

As for Ortega, reared after the strictest Spanish rule governing the association of the young, denied the privilege so common among American youth of social intimacy with the young ladies of his station, the sight of his future wife presiding at the table of this military gringo in his personal quarters, alone and in this isolated region, was, to his mind, susceptible of but one interpretation. But the silence must be broken and social amenities maintained. Raymer approached the stranger.

"Senor Ortega of Beralillo, I believe?" he said in Spanish.

"The same, senor. And you are the comandante de los valles, Teniente Raymer?"

"Yes. Have you any attendants or escort?"

"No; the padre and I are alone."

"Where are your animals?"

"In charge of the guard."

"I will go out for a moment and order them stabled. Remove your overcoat and make yourself comfortable."

Leaving the cabin, Raymer ordered the horses cared for and then directed Cain to procure bedding for his guests and make up two cots in his quarters. When he re-entered, he saw a young man standing before the fire, divested of his outer clothing. He was apparently 25 years old, nearly 6 feet in height, of compact figure, possessing shapely limbs and delicate hands and feet. His complexion was dark and his eyes and hair black. His face was handsome and regular, except for a narrowness through the temples, which brought the eyes near together, indicating little depth of character and a lack of firmness. Raymer at once felt an instinctive repulsion, not on account of Ortega's relations to Teresa, but on his own account.

The young Mexican was not now clad in the national costume, being dressed in an ordinary suit of gray. A rifle, two revolvers and several packages of ammunition lay on top of the overcoat and poncho, which he had thrown over a chair.

Before a word could be exchanged between the young men the door opened, and the cassocked figure of Padre Gutierrez entered, his whole demeanor changed. Evidently his interview with his niece had been satisfactory. Approaching, with both hands extended, he exclaimed:

"Ah, my brave friend, it brightens one's eyes and warms one's heart to see you again. It seems a long time since we met."

"Since last October, when we were corralled by the Navajoes at La Roca Grande."

"And you and the sergeant behaved so gallantly, coming out best men as usual. And how have you been these winter days in this coldest of regions?"

"Fairly comfortable, as you can see."

"Yes. This is a pleasant cabin surely, and you can have a generous fire when you need it. But pray, pardon me, I am neglecting a duty. Senor Teniente Raymer, permit me to introduce my friend, Don Ignacio Ortega Delgado."

"Thank you, father," answered Raymer. "We did not await your return to become acquainted. We have already exchanged names. Bring your chair to the fire. Your supper will soon be ready. You must have had a cold ride."

"We have been in the saddle since noon," replied Ortega, "and your valley temperature and wind are searching."

"The ride and cold have given us excellent appetites," added the priest.

"Did you find the snow deep, father?" asked the lieutenant.

"There was no snow until we left the river and but few inches until we were within a short distance of the valley. Had you not opened the drifts we should have been obliged to turn back."

"The path was cut today," said the officer.

"So La Dona Teresa has told me, and that it was done to enable her to leave tomorrow."

"Then it was her intention to go tomorrow?" asked Ortega, a sneer in his voice and a frown on his narrow forehead.

"She would have gone sooner, and without my knowing who had been my guest, but for the deep snow and high winds. She concealed her presence here until accident revealed it."

"Accident?" questioned Ortega, with a doubtful inflection.

"Yes, accident," said the priest, with emphasis. "All has been explained satisfactorily by Teresa, my son, and I will give you the particulars soon."

"Was it necessary that Miss Valencia should explain?" asked the young officer, indignation showing plainly in his voice.

"Ah, my gallant and brave young friend, an absence of 20 days and mare seemed to require considerable explanation until we saw the drifts through which you cut today," answered Padre Gutierrez, relapsing into silence. Then after a moment he continued: "I suppose you would like to know how Ignacio and I came to arrive here without pack animals? I will tell you. Teresa's aunt, who was left sick at the rancho near Los Ojos Frios, recovered in a short time and continued her journey by easy stages to Albuquerque, where she arrived a few days ago and reported that Dona Teresa had gone to my house in Jemez by way of this valley. Ignacio, arriving at Albuquerque two days later, offered to ride to Jemez with messages and for the purpose of seeing his betrothed. Of course he was surprised and anxious when he met me to learn that Teresa had not come. I knew of the storm, and being well acquainted with the winter features of this region concluded that the girl and her escort were snowed in here or had perished on the road. After a night of anxiety we got ready for the trip and left yesterday noon for the valley, hoping to find the party as they were when they took leave of the sick aunt. I had no idea of the child's actual predicament until she told me just now. I think the two men, Antonio and Manuel, stole everything in their possession and left for the Rio Abajo."

"Miss Valencia seems to have fallen into the hands of a set of thieves from the start," observed the lieutenant. "Ramon was the only honest one. But you need have no anxiety for transportation. I will furnish it and an escort."

"Thank you, my friend," said the priest. "And now about that boy, Ramon Vaca. After supper I will see him, and tomorrow morning I will say mass. Please notify the men and let me have the largest room possible."

"You can have the men's dining room, and Mrs. Sullivan will assist you in arranging and decorating."

Cain and the cook now appeared with supper, and the two Mexicans sat down to it with the keen relish induced by a long ride and a sharp atmosphere.

The meal ended, Padre Gutierrez visited the wounded boy and spent an hour with him. He called on Mrs. Sullivan to arrange for linen for an altar, then returning to the officer's quarters, went to bed.

The next day, immediately after reveille, mass was held and generally attended by the Catholic soldiers. The lieutenant, Ortega and Dona Teresa were present. Breakfast followed, and then preparations for the journey to Jemez began.

Two mules were packed with the lady's luggage, and Ramon's pony was saddled for her to ride. Four mules and the broncos were made ready for a corporal and five men, and Raymer's horse was brought to the door. When Ortega saw the lieutenant preparing to go, he could not conceal his vexation, and presently he said:

"I see no reason for your accompanying us, sir."

"Had you not arrived," answered the officer, "it was my intention to go in charge of the escort, and I know of no reason for changing my plans, particularly as the animals belong to the camp and the escort is military."

"But the padre and I can take a few necessary articles with us upon our saddle horses and send a party of Pueblos for the rest of the luggage later," insisted the Mexican, evidently determined that Raymer's acquaintance with Dona Teresa should not be prolonged.

"That would make unnecessary delay," returned the lieutenant. "I notice that while you are extra well armed the priest carries no weapons. You are hardly sufficient escort for two defenseless persons in times like these."

"Vaya! There are no Indians about. We saw no signs as we came here."

"My four months' residence in this valley has witnessed five collisions with the Navajoes, and I do not propose to allow a woman to travel through such a country without proper protection," and the officer left the irate Ortega and went to attend to some details of preparation. He found no opportunity to speak to Teresa. From the time of the padre's arrival Mexican usage had hedged her, and she had gone to and from mass in the conventional manner without raising her eyes or betraying any consciousness of Raymer's presence. When all was ready, she came from her cabin, accompanied by the priest and all the Sullivan womankind. Taking an affectionate leave of the pretty Irish girl, she was helped into the saddle, and the party began its journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Roast of Eland.

The flesh of the eland is excellent—fat, well tasted and resembling young beef, with a gamelike flavor. The shape of the animal is of course well known. For many years specimens of the unstriped South African variety have been bred and exhibited in the Zoological Society gardens. These elands, however, scarcely fairly represent the beast in its wild state and grow to nothing like the size and bulk. Mr. Bartlett informs me also that the breed shows in captivity a tendency to deterioration and occasionally requires fresh blood. Many of these beautiful antelopes have been imported and bred as ornaments to noblemen's parks.

A former Lord Derby bred them for some years. The present stock at the zoological gardens represents, I believe, his herd. Lord Hill also had some, and there are still a few here and there in parks about the country. A butcher in Shrewsbury once had the carcass of an eland of Lord Hill's for sale, but found it an impossibility to induce people to buy and eat it. Good as was the meat, his customers, with typical British mistrust, would have nothing to say to such new fangled stuff.

The eland is so comely, so striking and yet withal so gentle a beast, uniting some of the finest points of the antelope family with those of the zebu of India, and is so easily domesticated and bred in this country that the wonder is herds are not more often seen in private grounds. A little fresh blood now and again would serve to keep up the required condition and growth.—Chambers' Journal.

An Efficient Cleaner.

The sand blast is used extensively in England for the removal of molding sand, scale, etc., from steel, iron and brass castings, forgings, plates and for cleaning the stonework of public buildings. The air pressure employed is from eight to ten pounds per square inch. Chilled iron globules instead of quarts or flint sand are used with good results, and the surface thus prepared is ready for tinning, galvanizing, plating, bronzing, painting, etc., the innumerable little indentations causing the protecting materials to adhere with greater force. This method of cleaning castings acts with equal rapidity and thoroughness upon flat, curved, angular and indented surfaces. Small castings are placed in a slowly rotating barrel, through which the blast is directed so that no portion of the surface escapes the action of the sand. One hundredweight of castings can be cleaned in from 10 to 15 minutes with a blast created by two horsepower and the same weight of small forgings and stampings in from 20 to 30 minutes.—Exchange.

Wages and Civilization.

Low wages break down the self respect of the laborer; they extinguish the fires of his hope and ambition, causing him to be indifferent to his mental, social and moral development, and reduce him to the low level of making merely a struggle to keep himself alive. Poverty is an insurmountable obstruction to progress. In this country, where the governing power is in the hands of the laboring classes, such compensation for labor as will cause the man with the ballot in his hands to realize the importance and responsibility of his position and enable him to qualify himself to meet its requirements is an absolute necessity. A blow struck at the wages of the laborer is a menace against the nation's life. Despots, with the aid of great standing armies, may maintain and keep solid their oppressive government, where poverty has extinguished the manhood of the oppressed. But here in our country the common man is the highest authority. He should be a manly, intelligent ruler. He must have a chance to earn and receive the wages that will bring to him the necessary culture.—Exchange.

Greenland's Glaciers.

Nearly all the Greenland glaciers and tongues from the internal ice cap terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet high, presenting facilities for investigation. The vertical faces reveal pronounced stratification on the basal ice, even earth materials in the bases carried by the ice being arranged in layers. Fine laminations were seen 12 or 20 to an inch. The layers are sometimes twisted and contorted and even "shoved" over each other. The glacier movement at the ice border is a foot per day to a foot per week.—Science.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Old Lady—That parrot I bought of you uses dreadful language.

Bird Dealer—Ah, mum, you should be werry careful what you ses afore it. It's astonishin how quick them birds pick up anythink!—Pick Me Up.

The illustrious Isabella de Gonzaga, after losing her husband, declined to marry again. She said that if her second should prove good she would be in constant fear of losing him; if otherwise, in constant fear of not losing him.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Capt. Letterblair."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Camille D'Arville Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"On the Mississippi."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—L. Hopkins' Vaudevilles.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Nellie McHenry.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TOMB.

The movement for the repairing of the Lincoln monument at Oakridge cemetery, Springfield, and its transference to the custody of the State, took definite shape last Monday afternoon in this city. An influential meeting of citizens was held in the Real Estate Board Building. Forty-four Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic were represented and several other organizations. Among those present were Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, president of the Woman's Relief Corps of the United States, Mrs. Flora Miller, President of the Woman's Relief Corps of this State; Mrs. Z. R. Winslow, President of the Ladies' Grand Army, Gen. A. C. Chetlain, Major C. L. Hammond, Col. E. A. Keeler, Major E. A. Blodgett, who presided; Robert P. Walker, who acted as secretary; George L. Root, author of "Tramp, Tramp" and other celebrated war songs; General Joseph Stockton, Colonel James A. Sexton, S. E. Gross, Colonel Nelson Thomson, Colonel Freeman Connors, Major A. P. Connolly, E. A. Cummings, H. G. Selfridge, and many other people of note. Addresses were delivered by Major Hammond, Colonel Keeler, General Chetlain, William A. Bond, Mrs. Wallace, John F. Finerty, Mr. Root and many others, all bearing on the disgraceful condition of the monument, and calling for its rehabilitation. It was resolved that a public meeting be held in the near future to urge upon the legislature the necessity for immediate action.

All this is as it should be. In the hands of men like Messrs. Hammond, Blodgett, Selfridge, Wood and the other gentlemen who compose the committee of arrangements, there can be no failure to arouse the public to a thorough sense of the situation. Abraham Lincoln was not alone one of the great men of this country, but one of the leading minds of the world's history, and the work he accomplished will bear healthy fruit while this our planet lasts. It would, indeed, be an indelible disgrace to America and Americans to allow his relics to be neglected, as if he were the representative of a defeated and dishonored, instead of a victorious and glorious cause.

A curious fact in connection with the interment of Lincoln leaked out at the meeting. The remains are covered by six feet of cement, in order, we suppose, to baffle the efforts of grave robbers, who, as will be remembered, once made a desperate effort to steal the venerated relics for purposes of blackmail. It is shameful to us, as a nation, that, while the ashes of the great or renowned men of other countries, less free, are safe from this species of desecration, the remains of our great dead have to be double and treble locked in, and placed under tons of cement, in order to baffle the scoundrels who would seek to make money by the commission of sacrilege. If necessary, a permanent military guard should be established at Oakridge cemetery, to protect the dust of Abraham Lincoln, and we hope that when the tomb is rehabilitated, the body may be taken from its present dark abode, and placed in a sarcophagus, visible to the public. In his lifetime, Abraham Lincoln was the commander-in-chief of three millions of armed men. Now that he is but American earth, the country he saved can certainly, out of the plentitude of its resources, guard his remains without keeping them sealed blackly under ground from terror of conspiring felons.

NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The State of Illinois, owing to the good offices of Governor Altgeld, has rented for the Seventh Regiment Illinois Infantry, Col. Francis T. Colby commanding, the premises situated at the southeast corner of Michigan avenue and Lake street, formerly occupied by the general offices of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. These quarters are very commodious, and are intended for the accommodation and exercises of twelve companies of foot, which will be the strength of the Seventh Regiment when all its battalions are full. Now, there are but two battalions, but those have been recruited up and present a formidable array of youthful warriors. Colonel Colby and his officers have worked faithfully and well for this result, and the regiment is one that all the citizens of Illinois may well be proud of, but more particularly the Irish-American element from which its ranks are mainly recruited.

The new armory of the Seventh is situated on the second floor of the building specified, and this will also be the drill hall—one of the best in the State. On the third floor are situated the company rooms and the quartermaster's department, together with the band headquarters. The band consists of forty pieces, under the direction of John F. Forrest, and is acknowledged to be the best military combination in Illinois. It is the intention of Colonel Colby to open the new armory on Jan. 1, and the regiment will give a genuine New Year's welcome to all who wish to call.

PROPOSED ARMY REORGANIZATION.

In his annual report, Secretary Lamont, of the War Department, has recommended the three battalion organization of the infantry regiments of the United States army, which are now modeled on the old ten company system. If the Secretary's recommendation is endorsed by Congress, fifty captains of infantry will be at once promoted to majorities; while, as a kind of counterpoise, ten cavalry majors will be cut off, also on the Secretary's recommendation. The suggestion in regard to the new formation of the infantry meets with the approval of THE CITIZEN. Its editor, when in Congress, introduced a bill having in view the same object. Our present infantry formation is antiquated, and does not meet the requirements of modern warfare. So far so good, but why should Secretary Lamont propose to reduce the cavalry establishment? No arm of the service has obtained greater glory than the cavalry. In all our wars, but particularly in that with Mexico, the Civil war, and the Indian campaigns, it has been conspicuous for valor and for sacrifice. The men led by May and by Kearney, by Sheridan, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Custer, Merritt, Crook, Carr, and Miles deserve better treatment at the hands of the country they have so nobly served. The cavalry ask for nothing, but to be left alone. Promotion is slow enough in all conscience, in that as in all branches of the service, without making it slower, and condemning to hope deferred the gallant veterans who, by their services, deserve the promotion that must come to them if the present cavalry conditions are left undisturbed. We hope Secretary Lamont will reconsider his recommendation in that particular, and if it should be otherwise, we sincerely hope that Congress, while reforming the infantry as proposed, will do no injustice to the arm which conquered at Five Forks and bled, like the Spartans, at the Little Big Horn.

GLADSTONE AND THE TURKS.

Poor old Mr. Gladstone emerges from octogenarian obscurity once more to lend his feeble wail to the volume of lamentation that goes up from that intangible corporation called "the civilized world" in regard to the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. Who is responsible for the existence of "the unspeakable Turk"—Gladstone's own phrase—if not this ancient Pharisee himself and his countrymen who rule the British Empire? They would sustain Satan, not to mention the brutal Turk, for greed of gold. Turkey is an abutment of the British power. Without Great Britain at his back, the Grand Turk could not exist a month as a power to be considered by his neighbors. England dreads Russia much more than she abhors the Moslem. But let us hear what Gladstone has to say to Francis Seymour Stevenson, member of the British parliament, and chairman of the Anglo-Armenian Association of London:

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, Dec. 14.—*Dear Mr. Stevenson:* The terrible statements concerning the condition of the Armenians have riveted the attention of the world. I heartily wish well to your every effort for bringing out the truth. Should the allegations be sustained it will prompt the civilized world anew to ask how long these things are to be endured. I will not anticipate the result of the examination, but I feel morally certain that the administration will not rest without a most thorough examination into the matter, in which, under the Cyprus convention, we have a separate, deep, and painful interest. It is my present duty to hope that the Ottoman government, for its own honor, will cordially concur in this searching examination. GLADSTONE."

We are informed that the reading of the foregoing was greeted with prolonged applause at the meeting of the Association. How long are these things (the atrocities) to be endured? asks Gladstone with an "if." Just so long as the British Empire needs Turkey as a bulwark against the advance of Russia on Constantinople, which Napoleon termed "the gate of the road to India." If, tomorrow, all that is charged against Turkey in Armenia is proven true, and if all the world outside of England demanded the partition of Turkey, England would back the murderous Moslem power to the last soldier in her ranks and the last guinea in her purse. She will stand by the Turk, as long as the Turk stands by her.

IRELAND'S HUMILIATION.

A friend has written to us inquiring why there are not more "fiery Irish articles" in THE CITIZEN. Will he, or others, be kind enough to indicate what there is in Irish matters to "fire up" about? Is it the present attitude of the Whigs and their tail, the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party? What is there that tends to inspire in that spectacle? Is it the hopeless, factious attitude of the Redmondites, who maintain the principle of independent action in parliament, but who are impotent to enforce their policy? Is it the spectacle of scores of former Irish Nationalists becoming justices of the peace, sworn to enforce English law in Ireland? Is it the abomination of reading in so-called Irish national newspapers, references to "our common country," when the British Empire is mentioned? Is it, in this country, the general apathy which seems to stagnate the souls of the people that can evolve "fiery articles" from the editorial brain?

When THE CITIZEN wrote "fiery articles," and meant them, too, we cannot recall that they met the approval of even professed Nationalists, who thought, indeed, that we "went too far." When we upheld the independence of the Irish laity in political matters, we were, in certain quarters, denounced as a firebrand. When we protested against the domination of the convention of Irishmen held in Chicago, in 1886, by British subjects, we were not sustained by those who were most willing to urge us to the strife. When we asked the people not to abandon Parnell, in 1890, they thought themselves too wise, as a majority, to be counseled by us, and the result is—chaos.

THE CITIZEN cannot pretend that there is heat where none exists. The pulse of Irish nationalism is hardly perceptible in the wrist of Ireland—it may give an occasional unhealthy throb—and it is decidedly low in America. THE CITIZEN cannot hold itself blamable for this condition of things. It never preached confidence in Gladstone and his Whig following. It never accepted an Englishman as the Moses of Ireland. It would not insult those who died for Ireland by such a political blasphemy.

The Irish cause is at a low ebb, because the Irish people in Ireland, here and everywhere, abandoned the genuine national creed for Whig provincialism, relying, in spite of all the warnings of history, on English promises, made only to be broken. No good can come out of Whiggery. O'Connell, who was its dupe, said so. Mitchel, who was its enemy, said so. Parnell, who was its victim, said so. And yet, the Irish people, in spite of O'Connell and Mitchel and Parrell, would trust this deluding demon!

Oh, it is enough to make the heart sick, to quell inspiration and cloud the mind, to contemplate what Ireland might have been and what she is today.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain,
Oh, freedom, once thy flame hath fled
It never lights again!

"Never lights again," wrote the poet. Well, that *is* going too far. The lamp of liberty was relit for Greece, but she deserved it—worked for it with unremitting zeal and bled for it through centuries of almost black despair. It blazed in Italy, under the same conditions. Both these countries deserved the help their perseverance and valor won. America is another case in point. If Ireland follows the true path, and abandons the idols of clay that she has of late been worshipping, her day, too, will come, and the curse of slavery will pass away from her forever.

CLEVELAND AND THE SPANIARDS.

The abrogation of the reciprocity clauses inserted in the McKinley bill, at the suggestion of the late James G. Blaine, is already beginning to bear bitter fruit in the straining of our relations with Spain and the Spanish dependencies. The Spaniards have begun to discriminate against our products in Cuba and elsewhere, and Minister Taylor, at Madrid, is having an animated controversy with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs in regard to the situation. Our representative has been instructed to notify Spain that if it persists in exacting discriminating duties upon imports to Cuba from this country, the action would be regarded by the President as only inviting him to exercise the power of retaliation conferred by the Congressional act of 1890. The resort to this extreme measure would never have become necessary if the reciprocity clauses had not been abolished by the Wilson bill. Mr. Blaine did all that a great statesman could do to cement our good relations with Spain, but all his patriotic work has been rendered nugatory by the fatuity of the present majority in Congress. Canada has secured the flour trade which we used to have with Cuba, and now the administration is howling about a commercial calamity which its own party supporters in Congress brought about. President Cleveland hopes, perhaps, by a show of firmness, to whitewash the Wilson bill, but the Spaniards are a stubborn class to deal with, and they know perfectly well that Mr. Cleveland's Department of State would not bring about hostilities with Spain, or any other power, no matter how small its dimensions, under any provocation. Mr. Cleveland has allowed the country to suffer worse indignities than that put upon it by the Spaniards without resorting either to arms or commercial retaliation. He may bluff, but he will never call the hand of the Dons. If he does, he will astonish us, because, from first to last, the foreign policy of Mr. Cleveland has been timid and undignified.

BRIGADIER FIELDING, of the Salvation Army, announces that a free dinner will be provided for 3,000 poor people at Princess Rink on Christmas Day. Last year the Army provided for more than 2,000 hungry ones. Mr. Fielding thinks there will be no difficulty in finding 3,000 hungry people in Chicago on that day, as the officers of the Army report to him that in certain sections of the city, hunger, and poverty of every kind, are as prevalent as they were last year. The Army will be glad to receive food donations from the charitably disposed at the headquarters, No. 558 West Madison street. It will take a large amount of provisions to feed so great a number.

EUGENE KELLY, the New York banker, died on Wednesday in that city, at the age of 87 years. He meant well toward Ireland, but he had a narrow political intellect, and was one of those who aided and abetted the desertion of Parnell for Gladstone and "the Non-conformist conscience." Mr. Kelly died worth fifteen millions.

MR. THOMAS F. KEELEY, president of the Keeley Brewing Co., is at present making a tour of Europe.

THE JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY.

We call the attention of our readers today to the artistic advertisement of the enterprising John M. Smyth Company on another page. Never was a more varied, or more attractive, Christmas bill of fare presented to the public, and particularly to the juvenile public, before whose eyes is spread a veritable ocean of toys. In fact, there is nothing the youthful mind can desire that is not to be found in the attractive category. Christmas goods of all kinds, too, find wide scope on the programme. It must be borne in mind that the John M. Smyth Co. offers these goods for sale at Christmas time only, and that they are marked down low, very much lower than down-town competitors, who carry them the year round, can afford to dispose of them. Therefore, now is the time to buy, and give joy to the household.

THE ANCIENT ORDER.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—In my last letter I spoke of the prospect of Division No. 1, of the A. O. H., and gave you a list of its officers. Today I wish to say a word on the order in general. It is a matter of regret to me that in a city like Chicago, where the Irish-Americans enjoy so prominent a place in every avocation of life, that they, like the Germans, Bohemians, Poles and all other nationalities have not one national association wherein all can meet as brothers, and work hand in hand in the "elevation of the race," in the broadest sense of the word. Too many professional Irishmen have floated on to fame by the support and influence of their countrymen in America, and when they had climbed the heights of fame, ignored the men to whom they owed their position. This, I am abolutely opposed to, I despise the professional Irishman, because I look upon him as the basest kind of humanity. I believe if favors are to be given Irishmen they should be given only to the genuine kind of Irishman, who is not ashamed nor afraid to belong to the grand old organization, the Ancient Order of Hibernians! That society, instead of having 27 divisions with a membership of 3,000, should have 50 divisions with a membership of 10,000. And why is it the grand old order has not flourished as it should? Simply because the "Whig Irish" (?) as they are styled, prefer to be called Americans (?) and hence ignore societies like the A. O. H. I believe in recognizing as an Irishman in all things, the man who is an Irishman the whole year round, and who demonstrates the faith that is in him by joining the A. O. H., and being a consistent member thereof, and a constant attendant at all the meetings of his division. There is a future for the A. O. H. in Cook county, the very fact of electing so consistent, so upright and so honorable an Irishman as John T. Keating state president, is an omen of success for the order in Illinois. Let such a man be chosen county delegate at the next meeting of the county board, then begin in earnest the building up of struggling divisions and the organization of new ones, then infuse energy into the order, and in a little while the grand old society will become a tower of strength in the State of Illinois.

There is no reason, to my mind, why a strong, healthy division of the order could not flourish in every Irish parish in the State of Illinois, and it occurs to me now, that our clergy might, without injury to themselves, exert themselves a little more in their parishes in aiding in the building up of divisions everywhere in the State of Illinois. One cannot adequately explain the great advantages that could be derived from the increase of membership in the order, but sufficient to say, if the order comprised 10,000 members in Cook county, and these 10,000 were seen in the St. Patrick's Day Parade, you would hear no more about A. P. A's. or A. P. Aism. God knows the time has come in America when Irishmen should demonstrate their strength; how are they going to do it? Simply by uniting under the banner of the A. O. H., and showing their strength on each recurring St. Patrick's Day. I only wish I could appeal to the thousands of Irishmen in Chicago, and explain to them the grand advantages that can be had through the building up of the A. O. H. Could they but realize the same, I am confident it would be but a short time before the order reached the position it deserves to occupy. ATHLONE.

THE KEELEY BREWING CO.

The late Michael Keeley was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men that ever won fame and fortune in Chicago. Born in Ireland, he came to America in early youth and immediately became imbued with the commercial spirit of the country. From the hour of his arrival, until that of his death, he was a strong, zealous energetic personality in whose bright lexicon the word "fail" was never written either by nature or by circumstances. Before the great fire he was a business man of high standing, and a citizen of powerful influence, but it remained for that immense catastrophe to fully develop in him the great qualities by which he was distinguished.

Like all the leading business men of Chicago, Mr. Keeley suffered heavy losses by the fire, and the depression following the financial collapse of 1873, told upon his commercial interests as it did upon that of all other Chicagoans. Nothing daunted, he set to work to court fortune anew, and founded the Keeley Brewing Company, the charter of which was issued in 1878. He devoted himself to its interests night and day, and, at the time of his lamented death, six years ago, he had advanced the corporation to a state of prosperity that made it the wonder of competitors and the public. His sons, Thomas F. and Eugene M. Keeley, have followed in his footsteps, and the establishment has grown under their regime until it has become fourth in the volume of sales among the breweries doing business in Cook county. The brewery buildings occupy a great quadrangle on Twenty-eighth street and Groveland Park avenue, and, from an architectural as well as a commodious standpoint, present an imposing picture. Building after building, power, electric, ice-houses and grain elevators, have been added to the original immense pile, until now the grounds and structures of the brewing company form a great landmark in that portion of the city, covering several acres. Their beer product is reckoned among the very best in the American market, and rapidly growing in popularity. The company is officered as follows: Thomas F. Keeley, president; Eugene M. Keeley, vice-president; David McCarthy, secretary and treasurer. Under such management, the Keeley Brewing Company cannot fail to advance on its career of prosperity, and keep full pace with the growth and progress of Chicago.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELEANOR C. CUSACK.

Mrs. Eleanor C. Cusack, wife of Mr. Thomas Cusack, a member of the board of Education, died last Saturday night at her home, No. 429 West Fifteenth street. Mrs. Cusack was the daughter of the late Henry Ross. She had been ill but a short time. Mr. Cusack's numerous friends sympathize deeply with him in his great affliction.

MR. JOHN BERMINGHAM.

Mr. John Bermingham, president of the Chicago Distilling Company, died at his residence, No. 454 West Taylor street, on Saturday, after an illness of a few few months' duration. Mr. Birmingham was a native of the county Kildare, Ireland, and came to America in early manhood, settling in Chicago. He was a man of steady and industrious habits, and rapidly rose to the rank of a successful business man. His connection with the Chicago Distilling Company began at its foundation, about eighteen years ago, and he gradually rose, by his merits, to be president of that flourishing concern. Among his first partners in the company was the late John J. Fitzgibbon, who retired about the year 1884, and established the Calumet National Bank, of which he was president when he died, Oct. 1, 1892; and his living associates in the same enterprise are Col. P. J. Hennessy, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson and Mr. Richard Walsh. Mr. Bermingham was remarkable for his magnificent personal appearance, and he was liked by all who met him, because of his whole souled, pleasant manners. In politics, he was a vehement Democrat—so vehement that he could barely tolerate anyone—especially an Irishman—who differed from him in his favorite theory. He was a sincere lover of Ireland, and never failed to contribute of his means when her cause appealed to him. John Bermingham's name was a synonym for honesty. No better natured man ever lived, and his few harmless prejudices only served as foils to his many virtues. Mr. Bermingham's malady was a stomach trouble that developed rapidly, and that no medical skill could conquer. He leaves a widow but no children. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, from the residence to the Holy Family church, and was largely attended. The interment was in the family burial lot at Calvary cemetery.

MR. DAVID CREMINS.

Mr. David Cremens, of Bruff, county Limerick, died on Monday, Oct. 15, at the age of 33 years, and his loss is keenly felt by his family and friends. He was born close to the old ruined castle of Ballygrennan, and in his youth had heard around the family fireside the thrilling tales of adventure and escapes of the heroes of '98, '48 and '67, which, together with his study of the sad history of his native land, inculcated in his youthful mind those thoughts that grew into fierce hatred for English rule in Ireland. All the old Nationalists knew David Cremin as one of the truest and most sincere Irishmen, who cared for neither Tory, Liberal, Parnellite, or anti-Parnellite. His motto was always "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." The tortures of poor John Daly he would often relate, and one could see his true national spirit bursting forth, as, with tears in his eyes, he spoke of that unfortunate man. Are not our true men going rapidly from us? There were Michael Ryan, Tom O'Gorman, James Jones, and David Cremins—four souls that lived for their country's sake, and would have given their lives to free her, even for one hour, from the galling yoke of English misgovernment.

A VALUABLE CATHOLIC WORK.

The World's Columbian Catholic Congresses and Educational Exhibit, containing two volumes in one, is the title of a very handsome publication recently issued by J. S. Hyland & Co., this city. The work contains detailed accounts of the proceedings of all the Chicago Catholic congresses of 1893, including the addresses delivered by Mgr. Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand; Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Monsignor Nugent of Liverpool, Eng.; Rev. P. J. Muldoon, and Hon. C. C. Bonney, of Chicago. In addition the exercises of Catholic Education Day at the World's Columbian Exposition are given, with the addresses of Archbishop Feehan, Most Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill.; Brother Maurelian, F.S.C.; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York; Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, and other orators of national renown. The book is very finely illustrated with portraits, on a small but artistic scale, of the prelates of the Catholic church in America and some well known foreign ecclesiastics. It is very handsomely bound and will furnish a valuable addition to any library.

PERSONAL.

Mr. B. J. Ryan, a well known citizen of Chicago, and a native of Creggs, county Galway, Ireland, sailed from New York last week for Europe, where he intends to remain until next May. The most part of his time there will be spent among his relatives and intimate friends. Mr. Ryan was well known in Irish circles in this city, and no one doubted his earnestness in Ireland's cause. THE CITIZEN hopes to see him resume his business again here, which he made a success, and wishes him a pleasant time in the land of his birth.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 8, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held at No. 62 North Clark street, Saturday evening, Dec. 15, T. H. Donohoe in the chair, the following resolution was offered by T. F. Menaghan, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have just learned, with profound sorrow, of the sad affliction and loss which our esteemed and worthy president, Bro. P. J. O'Sullivan, has this day sustained in the sudden death of his brother, Mr. T. O'Sullivan, at Denver, Colorado; and

WHEREAS, We desire to show our confidence in, and respect for brother O'Sullivan as an earnest and faithful worker for the best interest and advancement of our ancient and noble order, and as a man in whose life and conduct as an officer and member of this division, are exemplified in the truest and best sense the principle of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity; be it therefore

Resolved, That Division 8, A.O.H., in regular meeting this day duly assembled, hereby tender to Brother O'Sullivan our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this his sad and sudden bereavement, and that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

THE SONS OF AMERICA.

The State officers of the Patriotic Sons of America have sent the following to THE CITIZEN for publication:

OFFICE OF STATE SECRETARY, PATRIOTIC ORDER SONS OF AMERICA, No. 205 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Whereas, the newspapers have been publishing articles confounding the Patriotic Order Sons of America with other societies, giving the erroneous impression that we are a political and anti-Catholic order; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this union meeting of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, of Cook county, that we have no affiliation with any political or sectarian societies whatsoever, that we are not anti-Catholic, and quote the following from our card of principles and objects: "We are non-sectarian and non-partisan."

Resolved, That while we are non-sectarian and non-partisan, we are first, last and all the time, unalterably opposed to any interference with our public free school system, and to any person or society, that is opposed in any way, shape or form to the Constitution of the United States; now therefore, be it further

Resolved, That this union meeting request the state executive committee of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, to send a copy of these resolutions to the newspapers for publication, that we may be correctly quoted in the future.

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted by all the camps in Cook county in union meeting assembled, at Madison Hall, Empire Theatre Building, Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, 1894, and the sentiments therein expressed are heartily endorsed by the state executive committee.

C. F. SCHAALE, State Pres.
JAY W. BROWN, State Secy.

Pimples Removed.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2, 1894.—Before I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was troubled with pimples on my face. Before I had taken half of the first bottle I had no more pimples. Fred Bartsch, 6215 Wabash avenue.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

GAELIC POETRY.

Failte an Athar E. O'Gramhna.

[Ag so dán do rinne Capt. De Norrdha, Nuadh Eabhrac, ag cur fáilte roimh an Athair E. O'Gramhna air theacht dó chum na tire so. Bhi fios againn cheana go raibh Capt. De Norrdha 'nna agaith file acht measamaoid nár sgriobh sé ariamh piosa nios feárr na an ceann so.]

A sháir-fhir ró áluinn, gan béim, de árd fhuil na h-Eirionn gan gó,
Do bhárruigh na fáidhibh a léigheann, 's do gbrádhuigh an Ghaodhalige go cóir;
Is cás linn do shláinte bheith faon, 's is cráidhte gach n-aon dinn, gan sógh,
O thálnic an tásg chúghainn thar leun, aon bhaoghal bheith airoide an chroidhe mhóir.

A Shagairt, gan sgamall ad'chall, tá lasda le taithneamh do'n tir
Tá damanta ag Sagsain gach tráth, a n-aindeise, a n-gantar a's dith;
Aicim air Mhuire na n-grás tá chasa ad' shláinte go fior,
Chum anam na teangain so'r lár lár chuir feasda gan spleadhachas 'nna suidhe.

A Shagairt, is mairg do'n t-saoghal gan tuile de'd ghné-si air bith:—
Bhéidheadh teanga bhreágh ársa na n-Ghaodhal faoi ghradam ag éigse 's saoithr:
Bhéidheabh Sagsain faoi tharcuisne a m-baoghal air sodar as Eirionn a' rith,
'San an Eaglais bheannuighthe ag léigheadh na n-Aifrionn naomhtha gan sgith.

Is doilbh tá Eireannaigh 'nochd, gan solus do sgéimhe 'nna 'measg,
'S gur air son do shláinte bheith bochd, do b'éigion duit uatha imtheacht.
Táid deagh-shagairt eile go leor a n-Eirionn gur léir dúinn a meas,
Acht duitse amháin tá an ghlóir ar d-teanga do shaoradh ó leasc.

Is sinne, go deimhin, tá buidheach aon fháisdh do thabhairt air do láimh,
A's bheirimid altúghadh do Dhia, thá fheicsint, a sháir-fhir céim,
A's céad mile fáilte gan gó do chuirimid rómhatsa le dáimh,—
A shagairt ná sagart, is mó do shaorfadh ar n-Gaodhailge gan cháin.

A Thighearna! nach goirid an t-am tá agad le fuireach 'n ar g-comhair,
'S gur mhian linn thú éaddghadh le fonn, 's an t-ómós do thabhairt duit budh chóir
Air bh-filleadh ó'n iar-mhuir air fheabhas, gheabhair eaga air mbaillidghad go leor,
A's lionfam le ceolta an spéir, le h-alteas d'ár d-treun oide mór.

COLDS.

How Caused and How Avoided.

Now is the season for colds, and singularly prevalent they have been of late. Let us briefly consider a few ways of catching colds. By taking too much care, for instance. The healthy need not stay indoors because it is cold, wet, or foggy; on the contrary, they should brace up the system by getting out of doors in all weather—rain, frost, fog, or sunshine. The colder the weather, so much more the need to go out part of each day. The exercise will equalize the circulation, and, besides, in such weather the air of the house will be all the more impure, because doors and windows are kept closed, and there is little chance of the escape of the vitiated products arising from gas-lights, cooking stoves, etc. In far the larger number of cases, colds arise from allowing the body to cool down too quickly after exercise. Exercise heats the body and produces perspiration; and this in turn cools the system; therefore, when arriving home after exertion, the inclination is rather to put on an extra wrap for a short time than to quickly cast off the overcoat or mantle. Then colds often follow short naps or prolonged sleep when no extra wrap has been thrown over the sleeper. In sleep the natural production of the heart is liable to the surrounding draughts, and this form of cold is one of the most likely to end in bronchitis, pneumonia, or rheumatism. Then there is the favorite method of getting cold by passing, when overheated, from the theatre or ball-room without sufficient extra clothing, the waiting for the cab or carriage, and talking all the time. The lungs contain 600 millions of air cells, and represent a breathing surface of six square feet, and in health are filled with a temperature of 95 degrees. By breathing with the mouth closed, we prevent these air-cells being cooled down too quickly, as the air passing through the nose is warmed before it reaches the lungs. Clothing is worn, not to produce body heat, but to prevent its radiation; hence, flannel and wool, being non-conductors of heat, should be worn next to the skin. And that part of the lungs lying between the shoulder blades is the portion requiring the most careful protection from the weather; here the lungs are close to the surface and are quickly chilled by the cold or wind. The delicate will find an under-jacket of porous chamois leather an excellent protection, and it has the advantage of washing well. Many so-called felt or skin chest protectors are worn until they teem with microscopic life. Persons very prone to take colds will find the morning cold sponge bath of good service. The very delicate may begin with tepid water and pass on to cold. When the first symptoms are felt, use a hot mustard bath and take some hot fluid—coffee, milk, or gruel—and then retire to bed, and sleep between the blankets. We know that the glass of hot whisky and water is very comforting if taken at the early stage of the cold; but we cannot recommend it, because, after all, a cold is a mild attack of fever, accompanied by more or less inflammation of the membrane lining the air-passages; hence anything of a stimulating nature, like whisky, must increase the inflammatory action, and tend to usher in bronchitis.—*New York Ledger.*

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LITERARY.

Home and Country, Corporal James Tanner, Editor, for December (Christmas number), contains a feast of good things, not the least of which are many full page illustrations done in the highest state of the art. The table of contents comprises: "A Fountain Pen," by Robert Wagner; "Christ's Personal Appearance," by Edgar Mels; "Cyril's Recompense," by Bentley Hall; "Heredity," by Mildred Lancaster; "The Darts of Apollon, the Sun-God," by Justin Fairweather, Ph. D.; "First and Last," by Josie R. Nicholls; "An English Election of the Olden Times," by Evan Stanton; "The Christmas Tree," by Marion Tollifero; "John Drake, a Christmas Story," by Clarence Herbert New; "About Blab Schools and Other Peculiar Things," by William Perry Brown; "Reminiscences of 'Josh Billings,'" by Sheik Abdullah Hussein; "Alexandre Dumas, Fils," by Alphonse Villiers; "The Madam's Story," by T. L. Krebs; "Russia in Central Asia," by Olga Skobaloff; "Shenahdoah," by Helen W. Grove; "The Ghost of Periander's Wife," by Anna Olcott Commelin; "My Castle in the Air," by David La Costa; "Dorothy's Match-Making," by Violet Etynge Mitchell; "To My Lady Fair," by Frank Holland; "In Months of Darkness," by Capt. Howard Layton; "Good Night," by W. H. Lukenbach, D.D.; "The Last Meeting," by Leon Mead; "The Washerwoman's Ode," by C. Buckley Chester; "Joe Against Georgius," by Katherine Bates; "New York's Arab Colony," by Thomas Wordsdell, and "All Sorts," by Joseph W. Kay. Joseph W. Kay, publisher, 53 East Tenth street, New York. Subscription, $1.50 a year.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Holiday Excursion Rates via the Northwestern Line.

On Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1894, and Jan. 1, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets at very favorable rates, good for return passage until Jan. 2, 1895, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

CANDY. CANDY.

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a sample retail box, by Express, of the best candies in America, put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Express charges prepaid east of Denver. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, CHICAGO.

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BREWING CO.'S

PERFECTO.

Made of Pure Malt and Hops Only.

Special Brew for Family Use.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4231.

NOTICE OF MEETING

OF

Stockholders of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders the of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company will be held at the Company's office, 810 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill., on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1895, the object of which meeting is to increase the capital stock of said company from $500,000 to $1,000,000, and to provide funds for the liquidation of said company's debts.

HUGO T. PETERSEN, Sec'y.

Chicago, Dec. 17, 1894.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

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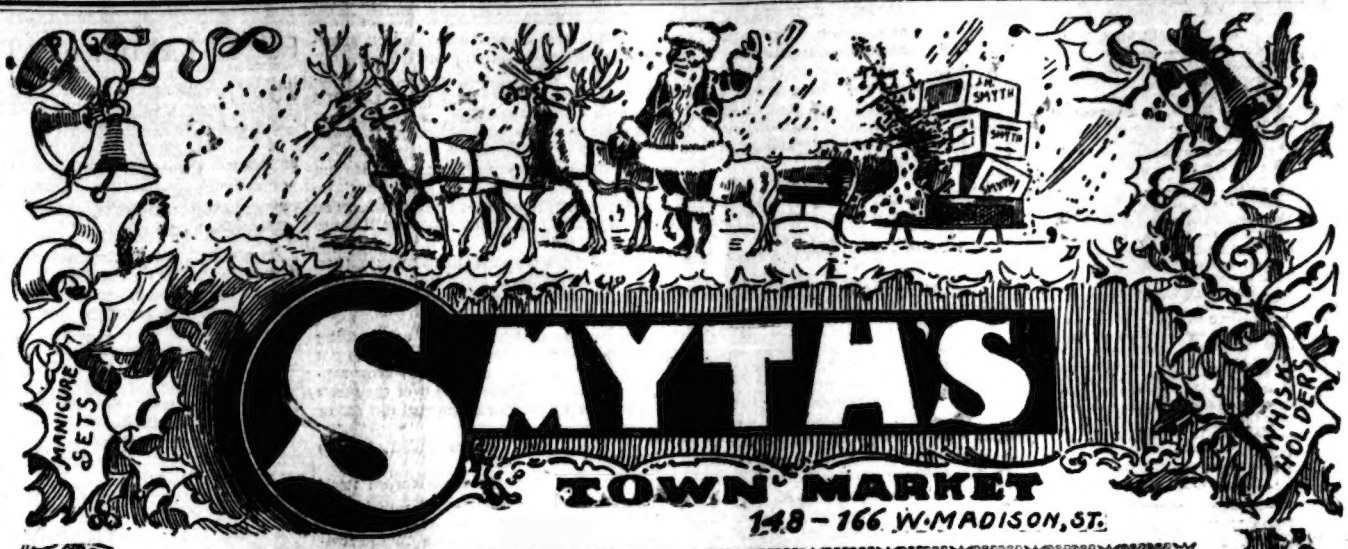
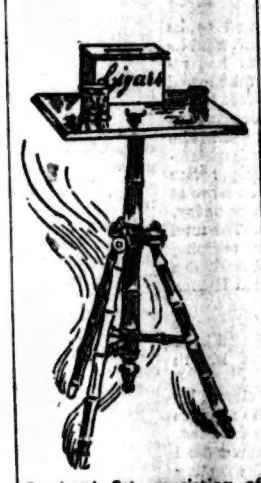


GRAND ANNUAL SALE OF . . .

TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS

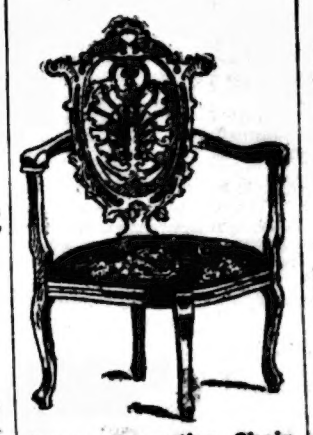
NOW IN PROGRESS ON OUR FOURTH FLOOR.

As we sell this class of goods only at Christmas time, it behooves us to make a clean sweep. NOTHING MUST BE CARRIED OVER. Everything marked low—very low—much lower than our down-town neighbors, with whom these goods have a value the year round, would care to sell them.



Smokers' Set, consisting of solid oak table and cigar box, with plated ash tray, match box and cigar cutter..... $3.75

It Pays to Trade on the West Side.



Corner Reception Chair. Quarter-sawed oak or mahogany finish; hand-carved and highly polished; upholstered in satin brocatelle. Price $13.75

Money Saved by Buying Toys Here.

Solid Oak Ladies' Toilet Table, with silver-plated accessories and self-heating curling irons..... $11.50

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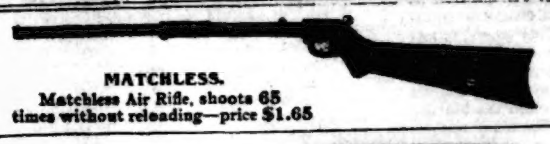
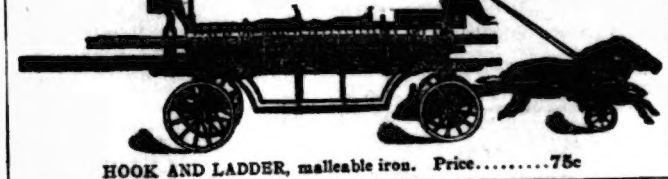


MATCHLESS. Matchless Air Rifle, shoots 65 times without reloading—price $1.65

MALLEABLE IRON STREET CAR.....45c

Doll's Cradle. Price..... 18c, 39c, 90c



HOOK AND LADDER, malleable iron. Price.....75c

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Malleable Iron ENGINE, TENDER AND TWO CARS...19c
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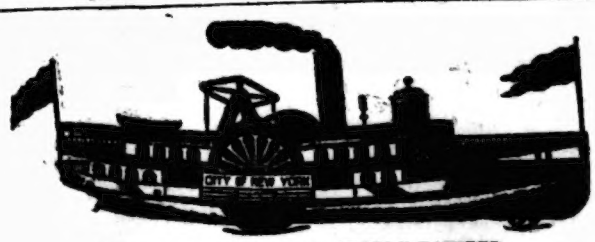
Revolving Chimes with animals, malleable iron wheels, 10c



MALLEABLE IRON BOAT, NICELY PAINTED.
"City of New York"....$1.00 "Puritan".....45c

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MALLEABLE IRON FIRE ENGINE, nicely painted.....75c

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS

BRIC-A-BRAC

GARDEN CITY ENG. CO.

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good night, good night.
The pretty birds in their nests are still.
We watched the sun as he sank from sight
Over the tree tops on yonder hill.
Two stars have come since the daylight went
Way over there in the sky's dark blue.
They must be angels that God has sent
To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good night, good night.
I hear the frogs in the meadow call.
They croak and croak in the evening light
Down in the pond by the old stone wall.
I think perhaps that they tell the flowers
Never to fear, though the world is dark.
They know the firefly lights the hours
All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good night, good night,
Dear little head, with your silky hair,
Dear little form, that I hold so tight,
Cozy and warm in the nursery chair,
White lids are veiling the eyes so clear.
Over their blueness the fringes creep.
Slower and slower I rock you, dear,
My little girl, asleep, asleep.

—May Hayden Taylor in Good Housekeeping.

A SAILOR'S REVENGE.

Bella Mallison's troubles were the result of certain eventualities. She was very pretty and had many lovers. These follow in the natural order of things. Her father, old Tom Mallison, had been a coasting skipper; but, his wife dying about the time his craft was condemned for unseaworthiness, he had fallen on evil times and drifted silently down the ebbtide of his existence, mindful of what had been and striving to act well by his girl.

So pretty Bella came to be tall, slight and gracefully rounded, looked 20, though barely 17. She was a pretty, flushed, dark haired British girl, who could row her father's skiff or stand her lovers' chaff with easy grace.

Matters went smoothly enough until Dick Hathaway stepped in and gained the girl's promise. He was a tall, bright faced, manly fellow of 25 or thereabouts and skipper of the ketch Sultana, a craft peculiar to the lower Thames, trading mainly with the home ports.

One night shortly after their engagement the two were sitting in the dusk of the twilight talking of the future which lay so bright before them. Only one figure loomed dark across their horizon—Bill Hanson, a man whose lover's attentions Bella had persistently discouraged.

But the glamour of love and the witchery of the girl's presence in the firelit room made Dick laugh lightly at her fears when she told him.

"Don't you trouble your pretty head about Bill Hanson, Bella," Dick whispered as he strained her to him, kissing her good night. "I must go now, dear. We're sailing at 12 o'clock, and if Bill Hanson says anything to you just let me know, and I'll"—

"Hush! Oh, Dick, what's that?"

A face glared in upon them standing in the firelight—a dark face framed in the window pane—indistinct, vanishing, then—

Crash!

The window fell, splintered into a thousand fragments.

Dick's face was dark with anger as he strove to free himself from the clinging, frightened girl. But when at last he got outside he was too late. The street lay vacant and deserted.

A fortnight or so after this Bella was coming home through the blaring streets from a spell of Saturday night's shopping. It was a raw, wet evening, and as the girl hurried along, turning into the quieter streets, she heard footsteps behind her. They blundered steadily on until she came to a narrow passage little frequented, but a short cut to her home. Pausing, she cast a hurried glance over her shoulder, then decided to take the cut. Before she had traversed many yards she heard the footsteps quicken. Slackening her pace, she stepped suddenly into the shadow of an archway, hoping her pursuer would pass in the gloom. But in another moment he had halted abruptly before her.

"What cheer, Miss Mallison?" cried a voice, which she directly recognised as Bill Hanson's.

"Oh, how you did frighten a body!" cried Bella, quickly proceeding on her way.

"Stop, Bella!" cried the other. "You didn't used to be frightened of me—now, did you?"

"I didn't know 'twas you."

"Are you sorry it's me?"

"Lain't glad," returned the girl.

"Bella," answered the man, "is it true what I hears about Dick Hathaway?"

"I don't know what you heard."

"Yes, you do. Bella, you know I love you; strikes me you know it as well as I do, and yet you chuck me over same as if I was only a dawg."

"I never gave you leave to talk to me so," cried the girl hotly. "You've been drinking again, Bill Hanson."

"Drinking, have I? Yes, I have. More nor a drop too. What's more, you've drove me to it."

"I never encouraged you, I'm sure," said Bella.

"No, you never did. That's where it sticks. It's me as did the loving. It's me as did the blooming dawg, dangling after your pretty footsteps. It's me as did it all. Chuck Dick Hathaway, Bella. Chuck him and take me on."

"I love Dick," returned Bella.

"You mean what you say?"

"Yes, I do."

"And I can go hang?"

"Oh, I never said it!"

"No, but you meant it. Well, I'm off. It's wrote I can go hang."

He turned on his heel as he spoke and left her to hurry home, trembling, alone. For a time no more was seen of Hanson, but a rumor told how he was to be met nightly at the bar of the Golden Scorpion, a gin palace of preposterous radiance at the corner of High street. Early in the new year the Sultana started again, with Dick Hathaway as skipper, on a trip to Folkestone, this time with a cargo of coal and pretty Bella—now a wife of some three days' experience—as mistress on board.

It was a bright, fresh day, with a steaming sun drawing moisture over the Essex marshes. Far astern London lay mysteriously curtained in a purple haze. A little nearer, lying off the port quarter, where Bella stood, the wharf they had just left melted slowly into the haze. There, too, stood one solitary figure—her father, waving his old kerchief bravely.

"Poor father," Bella sighed as she turned from looking at last. "I'm afraid he'll find the old place dull now I'm gone."

"You aren't sorry you came, lass, are you?"

"No, no! Oh, Dick, you know I'm not!"

"Aye, lass, I know it. But I like to hear you say it," returned the skipper as he slid his arm about her waist and drew her to him by the wheel.

"I'm very happy, Dick," Bella sighed gently. "You are very good to me."

"Bless you, lass, why, who wouldn't be, if so be he had the chance?"

After which they talked in whispers as the crew came aft, busying themselves with the gear. As the day grew the wind dropped, and toward 3 o'clock they were sailing slowly down Gravesend reach. The tide was nearly done.

"I'll bring up just below the Owens, mate!" cried the skipper presently. "If this breeze drops at sundown, 'twon't be very pretty on the river."

"Aye," said the mate. "It don't look very pretty now. Belike there won't be any wind come flood."

"Take a pull on your main sheet here!" cried the skipper. "Flatten in your wang a bit, then let the jib and taups'l run down!"

They had passed the buoy and were rounding to, to bring up midway between the Owens and the powder hulk under the lee of East Tilbury forts.

"Down fores there!" shouted the skipper as he clapped the helm a-lee. "Stand by your anchor! Let go!

There was a sudden rattle of rushing chain, and with it shriller cries and shouts of pain. The boy had got mixed up with the chain. His hand and arm were badly crushed.

"Good heavens!" cried the skipper when he got beside them forward. "How the shivers did you manage that? Why, this is a hospital job."

"There's no two ways about that, skipper," said the mate. But the boy, a lad of about 18, lay silent, struck senseless by the pain.

"Well, what's got to be has to be," said Dick ruefully. "You get the boat hauled up and Ned down into her when he comes to, while I run aft to tell the missus and put the light out. We'll have to leave her in charge of the dog."

In half an hour or so all their arrangements were complete. Dick came on deck and tumbled into the boat.

"So long, Bella, lass!" he cried as he sighted her standing watching their departure. "The flood's come up. We'll soon jog along and be back again long before 12."

Then they vanished in the haze astern.

It was a silent, beautiful night, dark, clear and cold, as Bella stood on the little quarter deck, accompanied by Vixen, Dick's retriever, looking away over the stern where the gleaming lights at Gravesend and Tilbury threw a glow of shimmering twilight into the sky. Near at hand, passing up and down the great black river, steamers and sailing craft went silently on their way, lit with sparks of twinkling light. Here a steamer scurried past, radiant with rows of flashing ports, signaling hoarsely for the watching pilots at Gravesend. There, a sailing craft, approaching close, threw her sails into the wind as she went about with a flutter and roar of canvas and changing lights.

It was growing cold. So, followed by the dog, she went below. Here she seated herself before the cabin stove, stirring the fire to a ruddy glow. The dog nestled beside her, eying her wistfully.

"Poor little dog," she whispered. "You want your master, don't you? So do I, Vixen. Come, what shall we do to make the time pass? Put up those new curtains I have—eh, doggie? Then Dick will hardly know the old 'lodging' (bunk) when he comes back."

So they busied themselves thus, the dog watching anxiously, until Bella was satisfied and stood back to view the result.

"There!" she cried, "I do call that pretty. Why, I believe"—

Just then the dog cocked her ears and growled.

"What's the matter, Vixen?" cried Bella as she strained her ears to listen. "Hush, it's only master! Good dog!"

But Vixen knew better. She flew up the cabin steps growling viciously. Suddenly there was a loud cry. Then, as a muffled curse broke the still night air, Bella heard a dull thud, after which the dog snarled no more.

In another instant Bill Hanson stalked into the cabin.

"What do you want?" cried Bella, who, now that she saw who it was, threw fear to the winds and stood boldly confronting him.

"I want you, Bella. And I'm come to fetch you."

"You're mad, Bill Hanson," cried the girl angrily.

"I don't know anything about that," the man returned hoarsely. "I know I love you, and I'm going to take you. What else d'ye think I'm here for? I sighted you coming away from the wharf this morning, and if it hadn't been for the old man I'd have been stowed away aboard the Sultana to watch my chawnse easy enough instead of having to tow down following you all day. So now you're coming with me."

"Never!" cried the girl. "You're a coward. If Dick were here, he would kill you."

"Ah, he might! But Dick ain't here. He's away gallivanting, leaving you here alone. He don't love you, Bella. Come away with me, lass. I've been wild and gone on the beer. But I'll be steady enough with you to help me. Come, Bella, say you'll chuck Dick and come along with me."

"I hate you. I would never speak a word to you, but you force me," cried the girl. "Go back to your boat. Go!"

"I'm not going without you, so you'd better come quiet," cried Hanson, growing angry and making toward her.

But the girl, springing past him, rushed on deck and made the night ring with shrieks for help.

Hanson, cursing blindly, followed her up the ladder.

"You'll never see Dick again if you don't shut that noise. Shut it!" he shouted, catching her frail, soft form in his arms, "or, by my soul, you'll never cry again!"

They stood struggling a minute, then stumbled heavily over the hatch combings. Bella fell undermost, her head striking a ringbolt.

Just then the sound of approaching oars fell upon the man's ears. He got up, listening intently. They grew rapidly nearer. He stooped over the girl's prostrate form. She never moved or stirred.

"She's dead!" he muttered. "She's dead!"

The horror of the thing forced itself slowly through his dull brain. He tried to pick her up, but she hung so heavily in his arms and the noise of the rowlocks became so distinct that he hurriedly put her down again.

"'Tain't no use," he moaned in an agony of dread. "She's dead. She's dead, and I must cut and run."

Then, with an oath, he stumbled across the deck, dropped swiftly into his boat and rowed away in the darkness. But his calculations were astray. Before he had gone 50 yards up the flood a thole pin broke. So, after a vain attempt to row without it in the darkness, he gave up, and putting one oar by stuck the other over the stern and sculled shoreward.

Presently the boat's nose took the mud. He planted his oar firmly and pushed her as far as possible up the shelving mudbank, then jumped out and floundered toward the sea wall. From thence he could gain the road to the forts and so across country, away from the horror of the river.

But the night was dark, and as he plunged ankle deep in the soft mud he came to a place where a vessel had recently lain. The bed she had hollowed was now filled up again. But it was soft and treacherous as a quicksand, so soft that when he blundered upon it he sank to his knees. Struggling desperately, he plunged deeper and deeper with every effort until he could not move at all. Oh, the agony of it! There he lay, sucking into the horrid slime. The mud held him fast in a death grip, creeping higher and higher about his sodden limbs as he strove in frenzied fashion to shake himself clear.

The flood—the silent, intractable flood—was creeping slowly toward him. A grim, stealthy death stared him in the face.

Soon the water had crept close. He found himself counting the minutes that must elapse ere he was drowned. The tide swept shoreward. Now a dead dog eddied up beside him, gurgling and bobbing in the tide, now this way, now that. He tried to avoid it, but the thing struck him and swerved on again. Soon he would be like that. Another rush of tide circled far beyond him, carrying the body with it. He was dumb now—in a lethargy—from cold and despair. Stay! Perhaps when the water flowed enough it would help him to free himself. He watched intently—watched and saw it creep waist high, breast high, then bubble about his shoulders. But, no, it availed him nothing. No help! No help!

The tide crept on silent as the desert, remorseless as fate, slowly, as though no terror struck eyes viewed its passage and prayed for speed; on until it passed over his head and his last bubbling cry died out on the night; on until it reached the flotsam and jetsam at high water mark, where it mingled, gurgling amid the stones, slime and seaweed, among the tin pots and dead dogs, tracing out the ratholes and slimy crannies that mark the extent of the tide flow; on while the chill wind sighed over the steaming marshes, while gleaming lights hurried up the river and men's voices grew musical with distance, as though there were no such thing as despair or death.

But Bella was not dead.

When Dick Hathaway returned to the Sultana, he found her sitting on the hatches weeping over the dead dog.

Poor child! She was nearly mad with joy at seeing him again and clung to him, weeping hysterically, some time before he could glean what had gone awry.

And then Dick forgot himself and swore savagely, after the manner of skippers, of certain vengeance he would take on Hanson when he met him until Bella interrupted softly, with her arms about his neck, and begged him to forget it and stopped his fierce words with a kiss.

So they rested all night, taking no onward steps with the next ebb. Dick meanwhile revolved the trouble anxiously.

Toward 8 o'clock next morning the mate spied a group of men standing over something lying on the edge of the mud. Calling the boy quietly, they rowed away shoreward. Here they found the body of Bill Hanson, lately freed from the mud, his limbs rigid with cold and death.—London Answers.

A Surprise Auction.

At a recent progressive euchre party the prizes were on an original plan. Each winner of a game was given a bean to put in a tiny bag bestowed upon him or her for the purpose before the playing began. When the games were ended, the company took seats in a circle and armed with their bean bags around the host, who had a variety of small packages before him. These he proceeded to auction off for beans. Nobody knew what was in them, so that the element of chance added to the charm and the fun of the thing. Some of them, when opened, were found to contain all sorts of pleasantry, but the most of them had pretty little trifles that were inexpensive to provide, but that served this purpose admirably.—Philadelphia Press.

GREENLAND SABBATH

WORSHIP IN THE LITTLE CHURCH AT SUKKERTOPPEN.

An Eskimo, Danish and Half Breed Congregation—Christian Descendants of Pagans—"Let Every Kindred, Every Tribe, Crown Him Lord of All."

An accident was accountable for our sojourn here. The steamship Miranda had run on a sunken reef, and we had put back to Sukkertoppen for relief. The acquaintance of the Danish governor and his assistant, with their wives and families, had been made, and we had been shown every courtesy and hospitality. The igloos or Eskimo huts had been visited, and the faces and customs of these peculiar people were becoming more familiar, but a Sunday we had not yet experienced.

My journal for Sunday, Aug. 12, records the following: We had breakfast at 8 this morning because of the necessary preparations to attend service at the Eskimo church. I rowed ashore immediately after breakfast to interview the governor and ascertain if it would be agreeable for us to hold service that evening at St. James' church, the Eskimos having their services at 10 and 4 o'clock. Mr. Petersen, a half breed who had studied at Copenhagen for two years, was summoned, and all due arrangements made. Mr. Petersen and his father, an old man with a kind face, act as lay readers, a regular priest coming once a year to administer the sacrament, confirm and marry. The service is Lutheran. At 10 o'clock we were all at the church to attend a most curious but reverently conducted service. Mr. Petersen, Sr., officiated, and his son played. The church is of stone, whitewashed, with a wooden front, the wood having been brought from Denmark, its spire, surmounted by a cross, showing how in every tribe and kindred the symbol of our religion is being uplifted. It was not long ago that these people were pagan, and many of them farther north on the eastern coast still hold to the crude faith of their forefathers.

About the doors of the church was certainly a strange gathering, the men not very differently dressed from ourselves, except that some of them wore trousers of sealskin and a blouse of some coarse material lined with seal and a short boot or killick of tanned leather; the women—the married ones distinguished from the unmarried by wearing a blue ribbon, the latter wearing red, wound about a peculiar fashion of headdress—a loose fitting blouse with an amowt or bag attached to the back for carrying thier babies, a broad beaded necklace, short trousers of sealskin, a long boot decorated with bright strips of leather and no hats. At the ringing of the second bell more church comers hurried from their little igloos. No one entered the church until Mr. Petersen first went in. The front pews had been reserved for us, and in our rear this strange congregation—the men on one side and the women on the other—arranged themselves, the children sitting in front of them, upon whom the watchful eye could rest and interrupt any enthusiastic diversions from the service itself. A period of the most violent coughing ensued, consumption being common, a result of careless living and the mixture of the Danish and Eskimo races.

The interior of the church was neatly painted in white and light blue, the altar covered with a cloth of red, with flower-de-luce embroidered in gold. On the altar were two eucharistic lights and a crucifix. Completing the chancel's furnishings were the lectern and old fashioned pulpit and a small reed organ. A stove in which peat is burned, near the center of the nave, afforded the necessary heat. The service was begun in a low, tearful voice and maintained throughout in the same monotone. While nothing, of course, could be understood by us, the service was nevertheless impressive. A few opening sentences were first read, then the Lord's Prayer. A chant followed, sung in perfect harmony, but very slowly. The Eskimos have good voices and an excellent sense of harmony. It took 15 minutes to sing this chant. A chapter was then read, after which, for the first time, the congregation rose to repeat some short versicle. A very unimpassioned sermon of 23 minutes was read, during which one man hesitated not to loudly snore. At the close of the sermon they arose for the ascription. A hymn followed, then a prayer, and the grace, and the service was ended.

At 6 o'clock that evening we returned for our own service. To my surprise there were about 200 Eskimo waiting around the church. It was a most curious congregation and impressed me singularly. In the front pews sat some of our university professors, several physicians, lawyers, men of business, college students, the Danish governor, his wife and family, the assistant governor and his wife, about 30 of the Miranda's crew, and in the rear closely seated together were the huskies, as these Eskimo are called, the peculiar fashion of wearing the hair, with their colored ribbons, producing a strange effect. A sermon of Dr. Liddon's was read. An Eskimo organist played the hymns which I had arranged through Mrs. Bistrup, the governor's wife, as interpreter, should be played in the order as marked when I shook my head. We sang "Blessed Be the Tie That Bind," "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Coronation."

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To him all majesty ascribe
And crown him Lord of all

seemed fittingly appropriate.

We remained after service to hear the Eskimo sing. Music they do not seem to acquire; it is a born talent with almost all of them. Having been delightfully entertained by the governor and his family, our Sunday amid Greenland's icy mountains came to an end, leaving impressions which will long be pleasantly remembered.—Churchman.

Ears.

"I don't know whether there is any such science as aurology," said a young lady of observation, "but I find it a very safe and useful thing to take note of my friends' ears. I haven't yet got so far in my studies as to formulate a fixed set of rules for the reading of character by the size, shape and convolutions of these funny little head handles of ours—in fact, my studies have been directed to one point, the top or apex of the ear. There's a whole world of telltale indications there, and it would be a good thing if young girls were to form the habit of casting a glance at that part of the anatomy of their callers and admirers and make a mental note for their own guidance by what they see there.

"If the top of the ear lies close to the head and the ridge is straight or only gently rounded, the young man that owns that kind of ear may be counted on as being eminently proper and as harmless as a lamb. But if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle and runs up to a point before turning down to become the back ridge of the ear—well, that young man had better be kept at a good safe distance. That's the faun ear, the satyr ear, and when those wise old Greeks and Romans gave to the capering companions of the nymphs of the woods goat legs and goat ears they knew what they were about. Men haven't changed one whit either, and that point to the ear is just as full of character and warning today as it was when Bacchus was doing business at the old sign of 'The Rollicking Rams.'"—New York Sun.

The Gentry of Colonial Maryland.

The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village whereof the memory is dear to every son of the soil, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted and their chambers comfortably bedded. Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury, but sack and cider and punch flowed freely.

Witness the facetious instructions of Governor Calvert to Colonel Price to bring certain articles to Fort St. Inigoe's for the use of the soldiers: "And upon motion of sack the said governor bade him bring sack, if he found any." In the early records of the province there is more sack than Falstaff's drawer ever scored. The colonial gentry dispensed ardent spirits at funerals and clinked the sack cup at christenings, and they affected signet rings with their leather breeches and boot hose. Cattle stealing was not in fashion. Only a sheriff of Kent was once charged with that offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted. Neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.—"Old Maryland Homes and Ways" in Century.

A Rare Vegetable.

In closing his ground the truffler is guided by the time of year, the character of the soil and his own judgment and experience, says a London journal. On familiar beats he knows exactly where to go, and in a strange country is guided by certain general principles. Where fern and bracken grow, where furze is plentiful, where there are reeds and rushes, wherever the land is moist and sour, it is hopeless to expect truffles. They love a light soil and yet never attain any size or perfection on a poor one. By far the greatest quantity are obtained under the shadow of beech trees, but very fine specimens are often found under the cedar, especially in avenues and grounds where the land has been well trenched. The lime is another good tree for them, and so is the evergreen oak. In France the oak is their favorite tree. Early in the season—that is to say, in September and October—quantities are to be obtained on the roadsides (sometimes in ground so hard it would need a pickax to open it) on railway embankments and on the outsides of copses and covers. Later, when leaves have fallen and the sun is able to penetrate glade and thicket, the inside beds are most productive. They do not come under very young trees and disappear entirely from old woods.

Hunting In Great Britain.

Although a good many of those whose apparent desire it is to curtail or destroy the sports and amusements of others would have it otherwise, it is a fact that hunting, whether of stag, fox or hare, is in a more flourishing condition at the present moment than it ever was before. There are now no fewer than 22 packs of staghounds in the United Kingdom, 188 of foxhounds and nearly 200 of harriers and beagles, while in each succeeding year followers of hounds get more numerous until it has actually become a serious question with some masters. How can we keep down our fields?

The cub hunting season, which is practically at an end, has, excepting with the Earl of Yarborough's and a few other packs, been scarcely so successful as usual, owing to the dry state of the ground and consequent lack of scent, but the great desideratum was rain, and now that we have had that in abundance the prospects of the regular season are rosy.—London Telegraph.

Munkacsy's Customer.

It is not generally known that the first patron of Michael Munkacsy, known to the world as the painter of "Christ Before Pilate," was an American, a gentleman from Philadelphia, who passed through Dusseldorf when Munkacsy was a young and struggling artist. The American became convinced that the young Hungarian's pictures had merit. He bought one, took it to Paris and sent it to the salon, where it was promptly placed and attracted a great deal of attention.

YOUNG NAPOLEON DESPONDENT.

Bad News From His Home Made the Artilleryman Talk of Suicide.

Early in August, 1787, a little rebellion, known as the "Two Cent Revolt," broke out in Lyons over an attempt to reassert an ancient feudal right concerning the sale of wine which had long been in abeyance. The neighboring garrisons were ordered to furnish their respective quotas for its suppression. Bonaparte's company was sent among the others, but the disturbance was already quelled when he arrived, and the month he spent at Lyons was so agreeable that, as he wrote his uncle Fesch, he left the city with regret "to follow his destiny." His regiment had been ordered northward to Douay, in Flanders, and there he rejoined it about the middle of October.

The short time he spent under the inclement skies of that frontier fortress was a dreary one. Bad news came from home. Joseph had some time before turned his eyes toward Tuscany for a possible career. In order to test his chances of success at court, he had made application for an empty decoration. The answer to his request had been a gracious permission to prove his Tuscan nationality, which was of course equivalent to a repulse. Utterly without success in finding occupation in Corsica and hopeless as to France, he was now about to make a final desperate effort, and, decorated or not, to go in person to Florence and to seek employment of any kind which offered. Lucien, the archdeacon, was seriously ill, and General Marbeuf, the last influential friend of the family, was dead. Louis had been promised a scholarship in one of the royal artillery schools. Deprived of his patron, he would probably lose the appointment.

Finally the pecuniary affairs of Mme. de Bonaparte were again entangled and now appeared hopeless. She had for some time received a state bounty for planting mulberry trees, as France was introducing silk culture into the island. The inspectors had condemned the year's work and were withholding the allowance. Her letter put an end for a time to all study, historical or political. Napoleon immediately applied, as his mother requested, for leave of absence, that he might instantly set out to her relief. His request was refused. He could obtain no leave until January.

Despondent and anxious, he moped, grew miserable and contracted a slight malarial fever, which for the next six or seven years never entirely relaxed its hold on him. The pages of his journal for the ensuing weeks show how dispirited he was, and contain, among other things, a long, wild, pessimistic rhapsody, in which there is talk of suicide. The plaint is of the degeneracy among men, of the destruction of primitive simplicity in Corsica by the French occupation, of his own isolation and of his yearning to see his friends once more. Life is no longer worth while. His country gone, a patriot has naught to live for, specially when he has no pleasure and all is pain, when the character of those about him is to his own as moonlight to sunlight. If there were but a single life in his way, he would bury the avenging blade of his country and her violated laws in the bosom of the tyrant. Some of his complaining was even less coherent than this. It is absurd to take the morbid outpouring seriously, except in so far as it goes to prove that its writer was a victim of the sentimental egoism into which the psychological studies of the eighteenth century had degenerated and to suggest that possibly if he had not been Napoleon he might have been a Werther.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Human Flesh Eaters.

In the northern part of Canada there are still several Indian tribes who ate human flesh. In Guiana and in the Orinoco we still find Caribbeans who have the honor of having furnished the name for that terrible custom of eating human flesh. Cannibal comes from Caribs or Caribales, corruptions of Galibis or Canibis, the name of the inhabitants of the Antilles when Columbus arrived there. On the upper Amazon, between the rivers and the borders of the Bolivia, live the Tupis Guaraniens, who manifest a liking for human flesh. Cannibals are common in Australasia, the Papuans, Karnkiens and Battakiens being the most distinguished. Cannibalism is, however, considered the main trait of the New Hebrides. There are more human flesh eaters in Africa than anywhere else.

Cannibalism is not a sign of a low state of civilization, for many cannibal races stand higher in culture than those who abhor the custom. Many cannibals live in regions full of ordinary food, but they prefer human flesh as a delicacy, the men forbidding their wives and slaves to eat it. In northern Australasia it seems that the dead are eaten. Herodotus tells us that it was the custom in India for the young to kill the old and eat them to insure their future salvation, and we are told that the old folks desire to be killed before they grow too old and less appetizing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Napoleon's Opinion of Love.

During the period when Napoleon was with his regiment at Auxonne, as lieutenant of artillery, he devoted much of his spare time to authorship. He wrote two short pieces, one a "Dialogue on Love," and the other, "Reflections on the State of Nature." Professor William M. Sloane, in his new life of Napoleon, quotes the following interesting extract from the former in The Century: "I, too, was once in love," he says of himself. It could not well have been in Ajaccio, and it must have been the memories of the old Valence, of a pleasant existence now ended, which called forth the doleful confession. It was the future Napoleon who was presaged in the antithesis. "I go further than the denial of its existence. I believe it hurtful to society, to the individual welfare of men."

THE ONLY BOWERY.

A THOROUGHFARE THAT IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

It Is the Cosmopolis of Streets—A Few of Its Most Interesting Spectacles—A Mile of Variety Not Surpassed Anywhere on Earth.

The Bowery, New York's famous down town highway of the poor and lowly, is but one of a score of streets where plebeians of Manhattan resort for business by day and for pleasure by night, and it is not more than a mile long, from Chatham square to the Cooper institute. Because of its variety; because it is the main stream into which pour such diverse tributaries as Chinese Pell and Doyers streets, Hebraic Hester and Baxter streets, Italian Mulberry street; because it is so broad and busy by day, so big and brilliant by night; because its name has come to stand for the whole section of which it is the chief artery, that cosmopolitan section of poverty and crime, of appalling distress and garish gayety, the most thickly populated area of ground on earth, has the Bowery become a place of interest to the sociologist as well as to the mere curiosity seeker.

The Bowery, once less cosmopolitan than now, was chiefly celebrated for its haunts of pleasure and for the perils that attended the unsophisticated outsider who sought its joys. In the old days its most conspicuous feature was the dance hall. Those days have passed. The Bowery has its dance halls, where cracked pianos and wheezy violins and ear splitting human voices outrage harmony, and ingenious fancy steps are executed by grocers' clerks and jaunty girls of whom most were born in the country; where sailors dispose of their pay, and where much bad liquor is drunk. But these are few, and the current reforms are likely to make them fewer.

Now, the great feature of the Bowery is the multiplicity of elements that compose the spectacle which it presents. Most of these elements exhibit one thing in common—a struggle for existence, a striving to get bread. The Hebrew "roper in," keeping up in front of his shop the kind of walk that a lion maintains in a cage, endeavors all day long to detain the passerby. The shop window, with its offer of trousers for 69 cents a pair, betrays eagerness to get your coin. The "bum" waylays you and gives you 10 cents' worth of talk in the wistful and unhopeful effort to get 5. The Hebrew theaters, with their hieroglyphic bills, yawn for the patronage of their own race, and not in vain. The long, narrow, cheap saloon, with its sawdust laid floor, invites your attention to the largest glass of beer in the world, which is to be had for 5 cents. The glass is as big as a small keg. A normal man cannot empty it, try as he may, in less than five minutes. They call it a "workingman's friend." More men of leisure—street vagrants and beggars—than workingmen avail themselves of its friendship. You can get whisky, too, in one of these saloons of the cheaper class, rather so called whisky, to stand up against a drink of which is a feat requiring about as great power of resistance as is employed in the circus by the gentleman who catches a cannon ball.

Right next door to where the cheapest liquor on earth is to be had you may sit down at a table with one of the ladies who, between drinks, sing popular songs on the stage at the end of the place, and for the two drinks of execrable whisky that the formidable waiter sets before you you may have the pleasure of paying $1.

Bright spots on the Bowery are the German concert hall, the huge Atlantic Garten, the Volksgarten and others, where good singers are to be heard, and where the language, the drink and the eatables are German, mostly Viennese. Then there are the American variety theaters and the wonderfully prosperous People's theater.

As numerous as the concert halls, saloons, Hebrew stores and theaters are the pawnshops and cheap lodging houses. The "bum" who tours the country by freight in summer abides in Bowery lodging houses in winter, soliciting on the street by day the means of obtaining shelter by night. These men fight or plot for existence hour by hour. Their shifts to get a drink or a free hand at a free lunch counter are sometimes pathetic, sometimes amusing.

Of the girls one sees on the Bowery at night some are employed in factories by day, and some have no means of livelihood apparent to the casual observer. Most of the former are of New York birth, the latter from the country. All have a certain jimpness and finish, however cheap their attire may be.

With its evidences of human distress and poverty, the Bowery yet has some fine stores and some splendid saloons. Not all the liquor imbibed on the street is of the cheap kind.

There are certain places on the Bowery where one may go and be as safe at midnight as he would be on Broadway at noon. There are other places, next door, where a "knockout ball and a touch," a drugged drink and a pocket picking, if nothing more violent, are to be expected as matters of course. The Bowery with its environing section will always be more or less dangerous as long as it remains the final place of resort for starving men. When a friendless man loses everything in New York and has no hope of recuperating his fortunes, he feels naturally drawn toward the Bowery. He seems more in his place there and not as much in contrast with his surroundings as elsewhere. And then the Bowery is nevertheless a gay street. Its general effect, seen at night, is one of magnificence and not of squalor. Its countless lights, its great width and its two lofty lines of elevated railroad, with broad space between, give it this brilliancy and picturesqueness. It is a remarkable street, the Bowery, and to the student of society a deep problem.—Exchange.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

Their Influence May Be Determined by the Law of Probabilities.

A great deal of sophistry has been wasted in vain attempts to prove that there is no such thing as luck, good or bad; that nothing happens by chance, all results coming from some definite cause. Even though the latter statement could be proved or should be admitted, it would not preclude the existence of luck to the individual.

That which occurs, favorable or unfavorable to him, from any cause beyond his control, is good luck, and there is no doubt that luck plays some part in the history of every one, but it is of much less importance than the idle or indifferent suppose. The individual may or may not take advantage of the fortuitous circumstances or luck which he meets. That depends on himself, his abilities, his industry, his boldness, his character, a thousand qualities of mind or person. Moreover, as one cannot control luck, the important thing in life is to prepare oneself to meet it and turn it to some account. Those who lay too much stress upon luck seldom deserve good fortune. They are indolent, without enterprise or zeal, and spend their time in complaining of their own hard luck or in envious consideration of the good luck of others.

Lowell in one of his essays says that "luck may and often does have some share in ephemeral successes, as in a gambler's winnings, spent as soon as got, but not in any lasting triumph over time." It is of course conceivable that an ephemeral success, arising from luck, may lay the foundation for lasting success due to hard labor and deserving, but the rule is that unearned advantages cannot be held; the winner is not fitted by training and habits to hold fast to that which he has gained. Cobden pictures the subject truly, so far as young men are concerned, when he says that "luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something." The last sentence is one of great significance to the young.

Much that is called luck is not really such, but follows deserving. Real luck is a mere matter of chance, upon which we can no more depend for a living or for advancement than upon the turn of a card. He who would command a good fortune must depend upon his own industry and character. He may meet with hard fortune, it is true, but industry, zeal, honesty, will surely lift him out of it in the long run, and if not his fortune cannot be altogether bad when he retains to the end his honor and independence. The young may properly recognize that there is such a thing as luck, but they should place no dependence on it, but think only of fitting themselves to make good use of it if it should come their way. The chances which may come to every one and which are wholly beyond control are innumerable, but he who speculates upon them will lose as surely as the gambler, or, when he wins, show a gambler's recklessness in getting rid of his winnings.

There is a German proverb that "luck seeks those who flee and flees those who seek it." The wise man will therefore not seek it, but moving through the world as though no such thing existed will depend upon his own intelligence, his own industry, his own good purposes to command fortune. Thus, self reliant, he will be ready on the instant to take advantage of any fortuitous circumstances to further his designs or be equally ready to avoid or overcome the "hard luck" that would overwhelm one who was not thus fortified.—Baltimore Sun.

A Musical Dickens.

The appearance of the novelist's elder sister as pianist on the stage of Drury Lane theater has not, I think, been noticed by any writer. Her name occurs in the playbill on the occasion of Harley's benefit, May 29, 1827, among the performers in a concert introduced between the pieces, and supported by Miss Stephens, Miss Fanny Ayton and others. She was announced thus: "Miss Dickens of the Royal Academy of Music, the celebrated pupil of Mr. Moscheles, will perform her master's 'Recollections of Ireland.'"

For the same actor's benefit, in the following year, she played "Anticipations of Scotland," also by Moscheles. Harley appears to have been an early friend of the Dickens family, and it was probably to his interest that Dickens owed the production of his plays at the St. James theater, which happened while Harley was stage manager there.—Notes and Queries.

A Fairly Big Fish.

Paddy has been telling the story of a big pike he caught, too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ojous baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" Then a description of the biggest. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure, I can't tell to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On this incredulity, but Paddy "clinched the matter and silenced all controversy" by adding, "Wid his hat on."—Angler's Evenings.

Dangers of Figurative Speaking.

"Mrs. Brigham is a charming woman," said a visitor to Salt Lake City.

"Yes," said her husband enthusiastically. "My wife is one of a thousand."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "I didn't suppose you ever went in as steep as that, and I had understood that of late years polygamy had been abolished anyway."—Somerville Journal.

Use Milk For Burns.

Milk has been found to possess remarkable healing qualities if applied to burns at an early stage. Compresses are soaked in milk and laid on the burn, to be renewed night and morning.—Philadelphia Record.

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Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

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Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2711 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hanlin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Galligher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4367 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2991 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, the 20th of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Jas Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 821 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey s hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Calumet av.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1283 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4654 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 365 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell s hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div 28—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 26—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 27—John P Donhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 65th-st.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 598 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morna, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 Wes Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3230 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend av John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 626 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 W 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John O'Cronin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Beneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 238 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, P J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rubl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Firday at 5500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1039 Wolfram st; F S, John W Sennmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St. Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 269 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 2d Wednesday in school hall.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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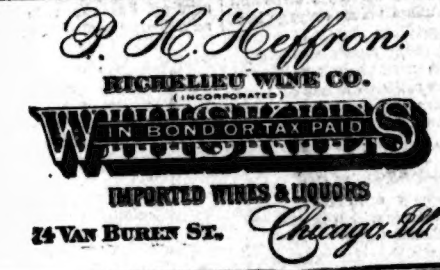

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE SCHMITZ, DE ceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Seomitz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.

PETER SCHMITZ, Administrator.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF THOMAS RYAN, DECEASED— All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.

MICHAEL RYAN, Administrator.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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